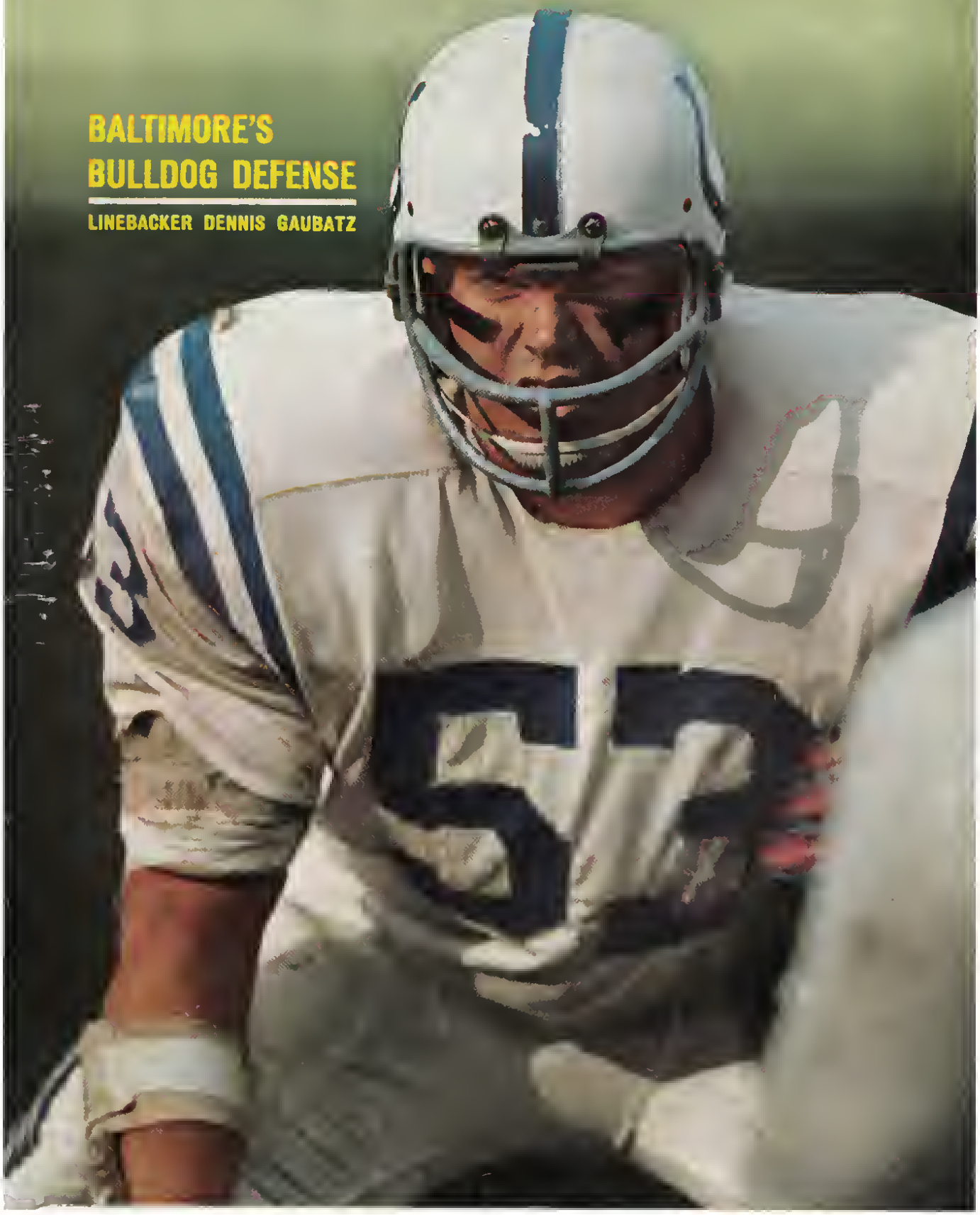
Sports Illustrated

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THE BIG FIGHT STORY

BALTIMORE'S BULLDOG DEFENSE

LINEBACKER DENNIS GAUBATZ





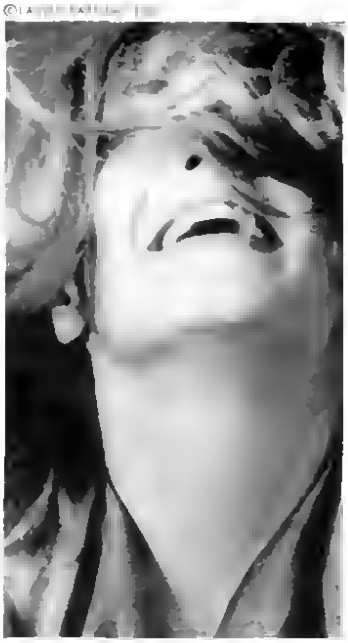
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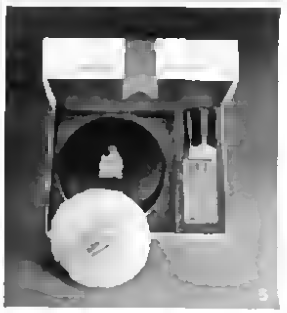
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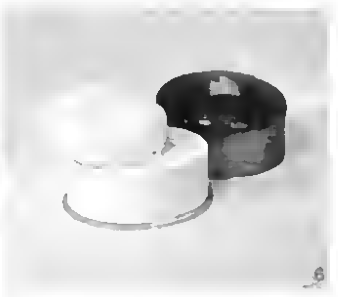












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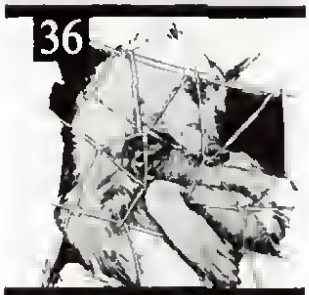
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Credits on page 101

Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL's annual Special Issue features the choice of the year's top 20 teams in the country, a portfolio of color photographs on the lively days of Duke's brilliant Bob Verga and an analysis by the sport's best brains of the subject on everyone's mind: how to beat the zone press that has carried UCLA to two NCAA championships. In addition: coverage of pro and college football's week and all of our regular departments.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



When Art Arfons or his brother Walt or their rival Craig Breedlove go streaking across the Utah desert at speeds that hover around 10 miles a minute (*page 80*) they are pursuing a goal that is probably as ancient as sport itself.

The business of getting somewhere faster than somebody else has long been the elemental form of athletic competition. It may be that the first sporting event in prehistory took place one balmy afternoon a couple of hundred thousand years ago when Joe Pleistocene met a saber-toothed tiger during a pleasant stroll in the sun and was suddenly forced into a race to determine whether he or the tiger could make it back to Joe's cave first.

Had the tiger won, it would simply have been dinner time again and this magazine, if it ever had appeared, probably would have been a cookbook. But because of a magnificent burst of speed only a few feet from the cave entrance, it was Joe who won—and ever since that first great athletic triumph, practically every game that man has devised to test his mettle has involved getting there first in one way or another. The baseball must get to the baseman's glove before the base runner reaches the base; the bird shot must reach a spot in the sky before the pheasant has left it; the hockey puck must move faster than the goalie's glove if there is to be a score.

Since winning or losing thus depends so often on how fast things move, it is not surprising that sportsmen have become intrigued with the notion of speed as something separate and distinct from the game. How fast *does* a hockey puck go as it whirs past the goalie? Somebody has gauged it at 188 miles per hour off the stick of a shooter like Bobby Hull. And how fast does Bobby himself go? About 28.

Jack Dempsey's jab has been clocked at 135 mph; Bill Tilden's serve at 120; and the head of Bobby Jones' driver at 112 mph as it swung through the air to launch a drive which traveled at 150. In most kinds of racing, split-second measurement is the stuff of which reputations are made and the beaten clock, not the bested opponent, is what makes a man famous. This magazine itself was born just in time to link Roger Bannister's name forever with the first four-minute mile.

What, you may say, is so great about running a mile in less than four minutes or even driving a car at 600 mph in an age when an astronaut can take a walk in space at 17,500 mph and not even feel he is moving? The answer is that the kind of speed a sportsman thrills to is never pursued in the isolation of empty space. It is, in every case, a contest with an immediate environment and thrilling to the exact degree that the handicap of the environment is overcome.

"*Constellation* was smashing through the seas, throwing spray and exuding power. We were up to eight knots as *Eagle* crossed," wrote America's Cup racer Bob Bavier in this magazine last summer, and the sensation of driving speed is in every word. Yet Connie's speed wasn't even a walk compared to the speeds that are attained over the Bonneville Flats.

The main point about speed is, you have to feel it. "I can write you pages of that lustfulness of moving swiftly," wrote that inward man, Lawrence of Arabia, sometime before he died on his fast motorbike. And Sir Malcolm Campbell took the joy of speed right back to Joe Pleistocene when he said, "I get the same thrill out of it that some men do hunting tigers."

We get a kick out of both.

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BOOKTALK

Holiday shoppers may find likely gifts among the new books on outdoor themes

Gavin Maxwell who wrote a memorable bestseller about otters *Ring of Bright Water*, managed to keep his background out of his books in a way that nature writers rarely do He might mention some impractical commercial scheme he had undertaken, such as trying to restore the shark-fishing industry on an impoverished Scottish island, and he might describe with extreme care the inaccessible highland cottage where he has lived for 15 years but as for personal revelations, he was excessively retiring

He has now written a fine autobiographical volume, *The House of Elrig* (Dutton, $5.95), which explains with pained embarrassment and prose of distinction that he really had nothing to hide It is gradually wrenched out of him that his grandfather was the celebrated naturalist and politician Sir Herbert Maxwell His father was a sportsman and soldier killed by the first shell of a bombardment three hours after landing in France in October 1914 The boy grew up surrounded by animals and an affectionate family in Elrig, an immense house his parents had built in a wild and rough tract of Monreith, which the Maxwells had owned since 1482 Gavin read all the animal books of Ernest Thompson Seton by the time he was 8. He had a pet heron he raised himself and a pet owl that rode on the handlebars of his bicycle His mother was the daughter of the fifth Duke of Northumberland and one glamorous relative was William Percy, a great ornithologist and a prominent secret agent in the romantic pre-World War I tradition Another Percy uncle was the biggest coal-mine owner in Britain At school Gavin was constantly shown mystifying cartoons in *Punch* caricaturing his Percy uncles with labels such as "Reaction" affixed to them Sir Henry Percy (1364-1403), none other than Harry Hotspur, was in his mother's family line, another source of embarrassment, for Gavin once failed to identify him in a history lesson

•

Before her death last year at the age of 56, Rachel Carson started a book about her explorations of nature with her nephew Roger, explorations that began when she carried him to the beach of her Maine home when he was 20 months old to show him the waves in a storm. Her unfinished essay has been published in a 95-page gift book, *The Sense of Wonder* (Harper & Row $4.95 until December 31, $5.95 thereafter), illustrated with 49 photographs in color and 47 in black-and-white to establish its mood of serene surrender to the beauty of woods and waves and wildlife The text, too fragmentary to be characterized, consists of such

continued



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lines as a tribute to the song of the white-throated sparrow, "pure and ethereal, with the drowsy quality of remembered joy," and comments on the sense of wonder as an antidote to alienation "from the source of our strength."

•

Edwin Way Teale invented a new sort of seasonal nature book and guide with *North With the Spring*, published 14 years ago. In that rambling account of a south-to-north trip across the U.S. he managed to give a sense of the U.S. as a whole, where naturalists traditionally concentrate on a single region, and while he never wandered far from familiar scenes accessible to every motorist, he invariably incorporated into his accounts items of information unfamiliar even to local authorities. His books on the American seasons, including *Autumn Across America* and *Journey into Summer*, sold some 750,000 copies. The new one, *Wondering Through Winter* (Dodd, Mead, $6.50), will increase the total. It begins in San Diego in December and ends in Maine in March. There is the old unbeatable combination of commonplace and rare items: there are 500 to 1,000 rare aromatic elephant trees in Anza-Borrego Desert State Park in California; the kit fox of the desert, not much larger than a cat, is a playful creature that likes to slide down tents.

•

The Cascade Mountains are currently much in the news in the Pacific Northwest. Last May a prominent young Seattle politician, Wing Luke, on a flight over the Cascades, vanished from the face of the earth. Two companions likewise vanished. *Wild Cascades: Forgotten Parkland* by Harvey Manning (Sierra Club, $20) is a reminder of how vast and little known the mountain wilderness still remains. the book is a plea for the creation of a new national park that will encompass 1,300,000 acres and preserve a region that man has scarcely penetrated. The 90 photographs of magnificent mountain scenery (19 in color) carry captions from the works of the late Theodore Roethke, who was poet in residence at the University of Washington. Justice William O. Douglas contributes an introduction demanding a stop to "all new road-building into wild lands, all damming of wild rivers, all logging of virgin forests." The text begins in the folksy mood of much outdoor writing, with references to family camping trips with Eldest Daughter, or Middle Daughter stung by a yellow jacket, or Number Three "so exhausted on the return that I carried her most of the last mile." But the author soon has ample (and troubling) facts to communicate. The book is a visually impressive introduction to a region as beautiful and as mysterious as any on the continent.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

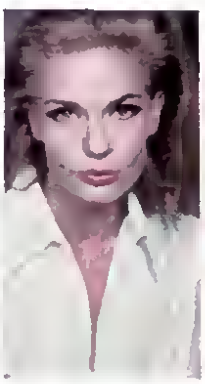


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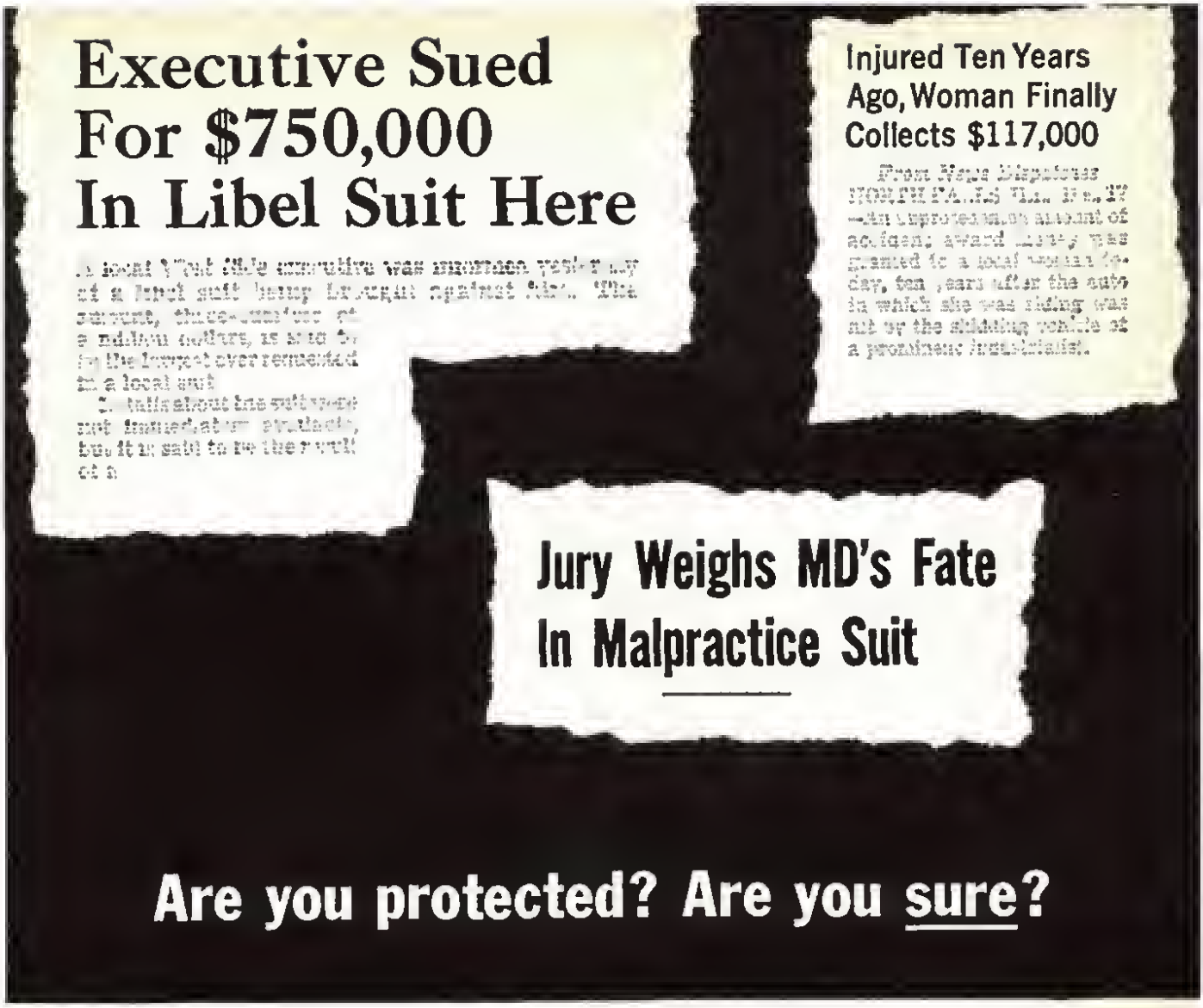


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SCORECARD

PITY THE POOR RED SHIRT

Draft boards in some sections of the country have adopted a ruling that students seeking deferment must complete college in eight semesters or four years. This could have an adverse effect on the popular practice of "red-shirting"—holding certain collegiate football players out of varsity competition for an entire season in order to give them a year of eligibility later on. If the ruling becomes accepted procedure everywhere, red-shirt now, play later, won't seem quite such a good idea any more.

SIGNS OF SNOW

A pert, blonde ski bunny named Gale Posnack of New Hampton, N.H., printed a sign that said, "Help Stamp Out Summer." It was only a mild gag, but it caught on with ski nuts in New England, and Gale wound up printing and selling over 10,000 "Help Stamp Out Summer" signs to skiers, shops, lodges and inns all over the country. Then she came up with a bumper sticker for autos that urges "Think Snow," and this, too, is going like cold cakes. All of a sudden Gale realized she was in business, so she and her husband, an industrial engineer, set up shop. The name of the new enterprise is Snow Jobs.

O'MALLEYLAND

In some places they roll out a carpet for guests; in Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles a few weeks ago they rolled up the grass. Rolled it up and stashed it in the bullpen in order to have a dirt floor in the stadium for a visit from Latin America's athletic comic, Cantinflas. Thirty horses and a bull trotted around Chavez Ravine, and a 40-foot cactus arose in what normally is center field. The explanation of this unwonted activity is that Walter O'Malley, a man with an eye for the main—and any other—chance, has decided not to let Dodger Stadium lie fallow from October until April. He is wooing exhibition and entertainment business. He started the week after the Series with a golf show, then hosted Cantinflas, with his horses and his cactus, and followed that with a packaging show that had display booths set up on erstwhile Dodger base paths.

Old baseball hands unnerved by this assault on the peace and quiet of the off season had better brace themselves. O'Malley's staff is already searching out shows and exhibitions for the on season, when the Dodgers are away from home.

OPTION PLAY

Jerry Burns, head coach at Iowa for the past five years, was fired last week. In itself there was nothing terribly surprising about that, considering that Iowa, a Big Ten powerhouse a few years ago, had been going downhill steadily and was 0–7 in conference play this season, but the timing of the dismissal, which took place before Iowa played its final game, was startling. Equally so, in a way, was the rumor-makers' choice to succeed Burns. His name: Forest Evashevski, Iowa head coach in the great years, who, when he became athletic director in 1960, handpicked Burns to succeed him.

THE JAMES BANG LOOK

With American kids who know their hot rods best, fancy decals are Out and competition stripes are In as a way of making the car stand out in a crowd. But there is a new trend in England that could reverse all that.

The Old World's newest fancy, our Mod spies say, is a set of decals inspired by the James Bond-Aston Martin thing. These designs can be pasted in a staggered line on the car, particularly on windshields, for a real smashing effect. What do they look like? Bullet holes, what else?

POISON IVY

Ben Schwartzwalder, Syracuse University volatile football coach, waxed truculent last week when it appeared that the winner of Saturday's Ivy League showdown between undefeated Princeton and undefeated Dartmouth (won by Dartmouth 28–14) might be awarded the Lambert Trophy, symbol of eastern college football superiority. Ben felt that Syracuse was a far more obvious choice. "We're not having a good year," he said, referring to Syracuse's 7–3 record, "but we'd be having a great one with those fellows. The Ivies won't play us, and they won't play Penn State, Pitt, Navy, Army or Boston College. They have a little wall around themselves. Their coaches keep saying how great their football is, and people start to believe it. Maybe if I coached in the Ivy League a few years I'd start lying, too.

"They recruit just as hard as we do, and they get just as many good ones. But their kids don't develop, because they don't have any opposition. I get to coach their best kids in all-star games. They're sad compared to other players, because they haven't toughened up. They haven't been hit. Our kids are no better than theirs are as freshmen, but they become real football players by tougher competition.

"I just wish we played in the Ivy League."

HI-YO, SILVER

The Clay-Patterson fight wasn't enough for Las Vegas to worry about—there was money trouble, too. Well, sort of. Because of the nationwide craze for coin



collecting, the silver dollar, like the buffalo and the Indian before it, has all but vanished as a symbol of the Old West. Its last stand was in Las Vegas and other gambling towns, where it was, in effect, the monetary unit. Now the cartwheels have been replaced by decorative slugs that can be used only for gambling in the casinos whose imprint they bear.

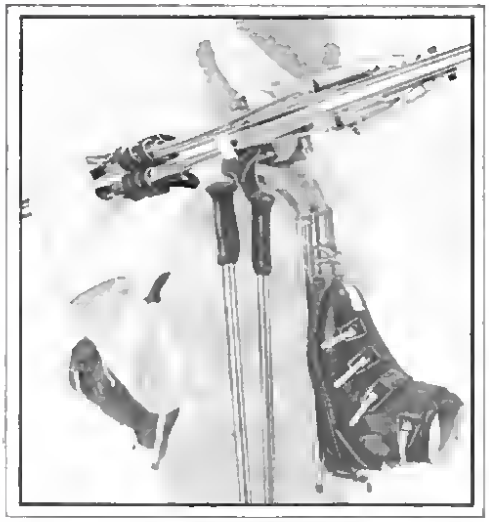
Although the slugs cost the gambling houses about 17¢ apiece, they have

continued

If your fingers or ears get cold. Or you get bogged down with gear. Or you can't get your boots laced tightly enough. Or your skis are hard to carry.



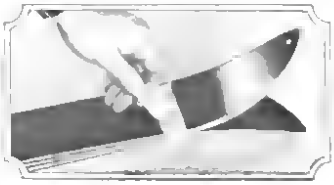












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Of course you don't have to have a big day to take Contac. You can take it for your cold on an ordinary ho-hum day. In fact, Contac has probably saved more ho-hum days than big ones. Get Contac at your pharmacy.





CONTAC

proved an unexpected bonanza. Souvenir hunters buy them and keep them, which gives the casinos—as if they were starving—almost a 500% profit per slug. Of course, this is no solace to Las Vegas cocktail waitresses, who in the good old days used to get a silver dollar as a tip for each round of drinks.

Now that silver dollars have disappeared, the coin hoarders have turned to the lesser coins, thus alarming the slot-machine operators. They immediately hurried off to hire Jerry Scott, who owns a plating shop. Scott artificially ages newly minted coins by an oxidation process. This makes them unacceptable to the collectors—they like BUs, meaning brilliant and unused. Scott charges 3 4¢ to make half dollars ugly and ¼¢ for 25¢ pieces.

To think it was only a few years ago that the casinos hired scrubbers to make the silver dollars look brand-new!

BIG FRY

As the proliferation of big dams increasingly threatened the normal life cycle of the Pacific salmon, conservationists feverishly sought methods of keeping spawning beds, where fry could develop, accessible to the fish. (Fish ladders and hatcheries were expensive and not really satisfactory in maintaining the salmon population.) Artificial spawning beds now appear to be the answer. These are 14- to 20-foot-wide channels through which the flow of water is controlled to duplicate conditions in natural spawning beds. The survival rate is about seven to 10 times that of fry in natural beds, and the fish, unlike hatchery-produced young, are as resilient as wild fry. Channels such as the 3,000 feet of gravel beds along Seton Creek in British Columbia are producing salmon in numbers equal to those spawned in miles of the lost streams.

EXHAUST IN THE AFTERNOON

An aspiring bullfighter in Las Cruces, N. Mex. named Fred Renk had a problem, no way to practice. South of the border he could have found small boys eager to push wheel-mounted horns for his practice sessions, but in the U.S. small boys play football. The resourceful Renk found a cooperative friend who each morning for three months roared around him with the horns mounted on a motorcycle. The friend aimed this *toro mecánico* at Renk's cape, and occasionally he would get Renk. Once he gored him with a handlebar.

Renk made his debut recently in a ring near Monterrey in Old Mexico. He killed two bulls, and he feels that he is ready. One is pleased, but one wonders if Renk could not start a bullfighting fad in the U.S. Think of that splendid day when Fred Renk dedicates his best motorcycle of the afternoon to Ava Gardner, or maybe Mia Farrow, and afterward is awarded two handlebar grips and a taillight.

STEPPING UP IN CLASS

Since 1956 the total number of letters and spaces permitted in the naming of Thoroughbred horses under the rules of The Jockey Club has been 16. Now the number has been increased to 18, and to those who, as they say around the racetrack, "are really tryin'," this comes as a welcome move. Nearly 17,000 horses a year are registered with The Jockey Club, and people run out of names.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the master namer, is one who should really benefit from the change. Vanderbilt is considered the best because of his extraordinary ability to derive a witty and meaningful name from the names of a young horse's sire and dam. Some classic examples: Discovery-Bride Elect: First Glance. Sailor-Plucky Maid: Shakedown Cruise. Polynesian-Geisha: Native Dancer; Social Climber-Stumbling Block: Crashing Bore; Loser Weeper-Bride Elect: Crying Shame, My Request-Novice: Age of Consent.

We await December, when Mr. Vanderbilt, equipped with two more precious characters of elbow room, submits his next list.

LOW DOWN

A new approach to the problem that Olympic athletes will face when they compete at mile-and-a-half altitudes in Mexico City has been suggested by Dr. Bruce Dill, a physiologist at Indiana University. It is generally agreed that the altitude will have a deleterious effect on performances in distance events, and most authorities now hold that competitors in such events should train at high altitudes for a considerable period of time before the Olympics. Dr. Dill says just the opposite. He thinks that athletes in endurance events should be housed at a sea-level Mexican town and not flown to the Games in Mexico City until just before they compete. Extensive tests that Dill conducted with a

continued



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pressure chamber on the Indiana campus convinced him that athletes will perform better within the first hour after arriving at a high altitude than they will after being there a day or more. Performances in short runs and swims are not affected.

SON OF ZOT

A few weeks ago we ran a short piece about the brand-new branch of the University of California at Irvine and its cheer, which featured an aggressive anteater's death-dealing "Zot!" Such esoteric cheers seem to be the thing this season. The Shoreline Community College of Seattle has voted overwhelmingly to nickname its teams the Samurai, after rejecting more prosaic suggestions like Bearcats, Breakers, Cobras, Sabres, Seagulls, Sharks and Wildcats because they sounded too much like names of new cars. Chief reason for settling on Samurai was the stimulus of a whole new field of yells and cheers. First sample:

Hit 'em high!
Hit 'em low!
Go, go, Samurai!
Ah, so!

INDOOR SPORT

Down in Malawi (that's Nyasaland if you have an old atlas), a leopard leaped through a window into the Cape Maclear Hotel. The occupant of the room, Mrs. Rene Kennedy, picked up a rifle and shot it. The leopard ran outside and died.

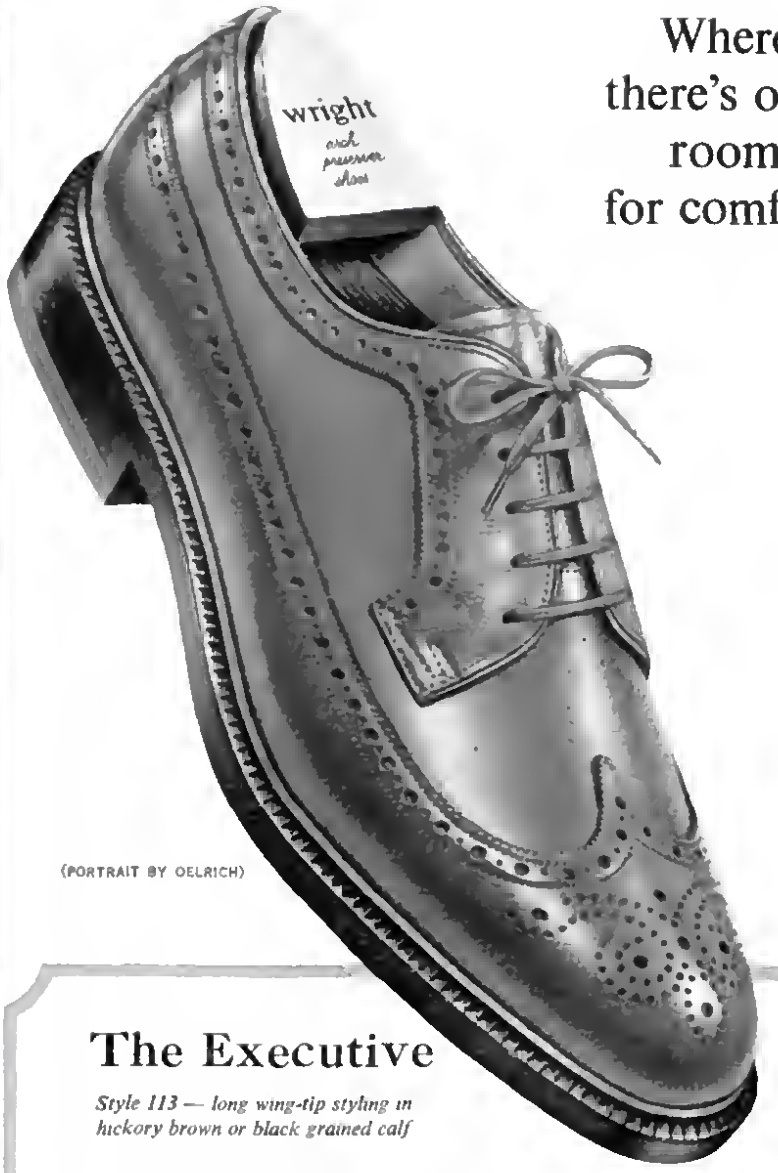
Asked if she had ever shot a leopard before, Mrs. Kennedy said: "Yes, but never in my bedroom."

THEY SAID IT

• George Sauer, player personnel director for the New York Jets, on the large number of huge football players: "A few years back parents of a 6-foot-6 boy would hide him in the closet; now they send him out to play football and he becomes a millionaire his second season as a pro."

• Ray Walston, television actor, after visiting Houston's Astrodome: "It shows what you can get if you really look through the Neiman-Marcus catalog."

• Dave Nelson, Delaware football coach and a critic of two-platoon football: "We've got to live with it, but the ball is actually in play for only 12 minutes the way the game is run today. This means a boy who goes one way sees six minutes of live action." **END**



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(PORTRAIT BY OELRICH)

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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 29, 1965

CHAMPION AS LONG AS HE WANTS

Although he never put a valorous Floyd Patterson down for the count, Cassius Clay displayed an awesome range of skills as he battered his opponent at will and proved to a sometimes skeptical public that he is, as he says, 'The Greatest'

by GILBERT ROGIN



The force of Clay's blows, not always evident to the spectator, is shown in this hard right-hand lead thrown during the second round.

CONTINUED



He was seeking to humiliate Floyd Patterson, but Cassius Clay, known to his fellow Black Muslims as Muhammad Ali, only succeeded in ennobling him. While a great, improbable rain poured on the desert and upon the dome of the Las Vegas Convention Center last Monday night, Patterson, indisputably beaten and horribly bent by back pains so that he had to clump about like man in the days before he was able to stand fully erect, gamely pursued Clay, lashing out from time to time with largely ineffectual hooks. As Floyd hobbled to his corner, one of his handlers would grab him about the waist, lift him and squeeze him, desperately trying to alleviate the pain and make him whole again.

In the 12th round, when it had long been clear that Patterson had no hope at all of landing a blow with enough force to knock Clay out, and Clay, standing at a distance, was freely hitting Floyd with innumerable punches, Clay's trainer, Angelo Dundee, full of pity and disgust, cried from the corner, "Ali, knock him out, for Christ's sake!" Coincidentally, Referee Harry Krause compassionately signaled that the fight was over. Krause, in fact, wanted to stop it in the 11th because, "It was hurting me to watch, but he is such a good boy and has such a great heart, and I just couldn't do it."

Patterson protested when the fight was stopped, and it was a gesture that deserved applause, if not Krause's concurrence. Floyd said later, "In my honest opinion, if I was watching the fight at home on TV, I would have wanted it stopped, but I preferred to be counted out."

In losing, however, Floyd Patterson brought something back to boxing that has seemed to be missing of late, particularly in the heavyweight division—a sense of high valor that characterized it in the past and made it such a grand and eminent spectacle.

In winning, the incomparable Clay, that child of scorn, showed that he will possibly be champion as long as he wants, that he has everything going for

Seeking to ease the pain in Patterson's back Al Silvani, cut man in the challenger's corner lifts Floyd off the canvas between rounds

him except a true knockout punch and, perhaps—for who can divine the strange things that move this man—he has that, too, but for peculiar reasons did not try to throw it early enough. It might have been cruelty, but it might also have been sympathy, for he had said a day or two before the fight, "Animals are vicious. Humans shouldn't be vicious. I'm just an aggressive, classy, creative fighter. I may be the last heavyweight champion. If there's fighting after I'm gone, it'll just be a dull old thing. No more poems, no predictions, no more hollering. Ooh, I'm the popularest thing."

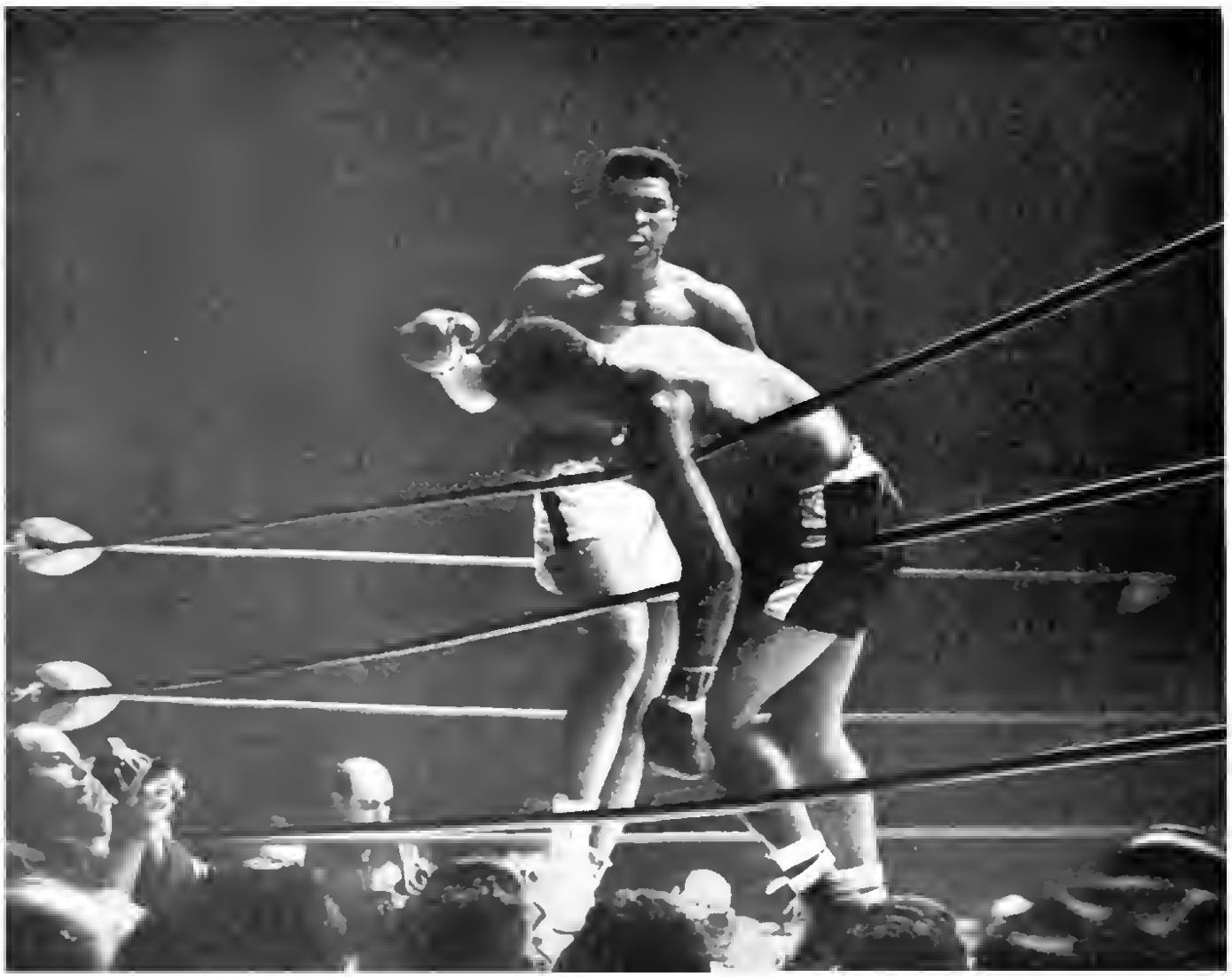
As for Patterson, who could never really get untracked against the elusive Clay, he said the day before the fight, "I was a champion. I was a good champion, and I know I am nearing the end." He also said that he was a sore loser, but if this fight was indeed his valedictory he could not have made a more fitting one. He had little chance of winning, he could not get inside Clay or even catch up to him, and when he did Clay tied him up. His only hopes were his vain leaps, mostly serving to launch left hooks, mostly short of the mark. Yet even when in pain he never stopped essaying them, doggedly advancing after Clay, standing up under an infinite variety of quick blows, his face showing the hopelessness of the task he had undertaken but his will driving his arms nonetheless. In a very real sense, he was once more the fighter who stormed through the mid-'50s in that he regained the single-mindedness and purity and ferocity of motive he once had. Alas, he was not the better man. "A fight is a fight," Patterson had said. "And the better man usually wins."

To be accurate, the better fighter usually wins.

Patterson entered the ring first, so early that the crowd, diminished by the rain ($100 seats were reportedly being unloaded for $25), was unprepared for his appearance. He looked almost absurdly grand in a red-velvet robe with Hotel Thunderbird written across the back. Clay, much booed, wore an ordinary, even tacky, white terry cloth bathrobe. It would have been more appropriate to their respective natures if the robes had been reversed. Eddie Fisher, who was a 9-to-5 shot to forget the words to *The Star-Spangled Banner*, sang it uncommonly well. During the anthem Clay jigged in the corner, occasionally spitting, which provoked one patriot at ringside to yell: "Stand at attention, you bum."

continued

Relentlessly belabored by the champion, Patterson is draped over the ropes shortly before being knocked down late in the sixth round.



In the first round Clay showed Patterson a lot of nothing. With his hands down he drifted insolently about the ring, inviting Patterson to do what he would, or could. Floyd tried a few left hands, jahs and hooks, but with a notable lack of success, and when he tried to get inside Clay easily tied him up. From time to time Clay had something to say to Patterson, but to little effect. "I didn't know what he was saying," Patterson said later, "but I was disgusted that I couldn't do anything about it." What Clay actually said was, "Come on American, come on white American."

It was an eerie scene, as though Clay were enacting a role in a play to which Patterson had not been shown the script. Undoubtedly, it was part of his juvenile scheme to embarrass Patterson. In part, he succeeded for Floyd became acutely aware of Clay's speed and, as a consequence, was somewhat embarrassed to punch—he knew he would be hitting only air. Though this may have given Clay private satisfaction, it was uncomfortable to watch. The spectators were as embarrassed as Patterson.

In the second round Clay began attacking, advancing on Patterson with left hooks and jabs as Dundee shouted, "Snake licker, snake licker," a pet name for Clay's jab. Whenever Patterson sought to get inside, Clay would grab him around the neck and pull his head down, which served to disarm him. From the outside Patterson was still unable to reach Clay.

The overwhelming advantage of Clay's reach was demonstrated in the third round, when Clay stopped moving about so much and more or less stood his ground. It was, in truth, demeaning. By the very fact of holding his left out there he prevented Patterson from closing with him. As though he sensed the futility of reaching Clay with anything more than a lucky, leaping hook, Patterson slowed down, becoming an almost pathetic figure that Clay jabbed at will.

In the next round, the fourth, Referee Krause, fed up with Clay's remarks to Patterson, warned him to "stop the chatter," although there doesn't seem to be a rule of boxing prohibiting free speech. Floyd got off one good hook in this round, driving Clay against one of the posts. From Patterson's corner Buster Watson told Floyd to "move in," but he was either unwilling or unable to do so, and after Clay had hit him with a good left hook at the bell Patterson smiled regretfully at Cassius, as if to say: "We are both aware that I won't be able to beat you, but you're not going to make a fool of me or make me give up."

And so it went, Patterson, surprisingly, showing a decent defense as he blocked or slipped many of Clay's punches, but woefully inadequate insofar as any meaningful offense was concerned. The course of the fight had been indelibly set. The only question was how long Floyd could take it, how much he could ultimately endure.

In the sixth round a left hook without much evident force behind it dropped Patterson to one knee, but he was up almost instantly. Because Clay, who is a bit of a genuine hysteric, declined to go to a neutral corner immediately, Krause did not start the mandatory eight-count until five seconds had elapsed. It was then that Patterson began to show his singular courage. Simply, he fought in return and at the bell hobbled to his corner, now obviously suffering from his injured back. Later, his doctor, Michael Blatt, said Patterson had actually dislocated a disc last Wednesday and that he had begged Patterson to call off the fight.

"Dance, dance. This is it, this is it," yelled Dundee at the start of the seventh, but Clay—though he had, in a way, predicted this would be the round in which he would knock Patterson out—hacked off reluctantly and seemed tired, even dispirited. Floyd stayed in there and punched, as though his arms, independent of his now useless legs and body, had been endowed with their own vigor.

When he headed for his corner at the end of the ninth Patterson almost fell down, and one wished that Clay would knock him out to save him from his suffering. But Clay didn't, perhaps couldn't. And so it all came to its inevitable end, Patterson instinctively bobbing and moving in, for he could not move back.

"I wish I could have given you a better fight," Patterson said later. "I will not make an excuse for what happened tonight. I will just say I am sorry. I can do much, much better. That I know."

How much better Patterson could have done is a moot question. Although the bad back cut down his mobility, in the first two rounds, before it started to hamper him, he seemed too slow to cope with Clay. Indeed, off this first lengthy test of his boxing splendors, almost any heavyweight in memory might be too slow to cope with Cassius Marcellus Clay.

His pretty face unmarred, Clay greeted the press with, "O.K. what's the excuse? Just give me the new excuse. Carrying him, nothing. He took my best punches. He surprised me. He's a good fighter, *determined*. He wouldn't fall. He just wouldn't go down. I have two swollen hands to show for it. I'm mad about only one thing—too many people cheered me tonight. There weren't enough boos. Who do you want me to fight? The best man? Well, find him." And in his black silk suit, white shirt and black knit tie he left amid a formation of Muslims.

Because of the rain, Clay could not see the Mother of Planes, which he knew was hovering in the sky over Las Vegas and which he had seen in the past. According to Elijah Muhammad, the Muslim leader, this is the plane that will destroy the white devils. Clay explicitly believes this. As Elijah has written, the Mother of Planes is "a destructive, dreadful-looking plane . . . a half-mile by a half-mile square; it is a humanly built planet. It is up there and can be seen twice a week. It is the largest man-made object in the sky. It is capable of staying in outer space six to twelve months at a time without coming into the earth's gravity. It carries 1,500 bombing planes with most deadliest explosives."

Said Clay the day before the fight: "On a clear night when you can see all the stars, look for the brightest. Watch it for a while. You'll see it shaking, that high up. Little white objects jump off it, make a circle, come back. Those are the bombers. On them are black men who never smile. . . ."

What strange times we live in. What a strange, uncommon man is Clay. Who can fathom him? We can only watch in wonder as he performs and ponder whether, despite his often truly affecting ways, he doesn't scorn us and the world he is champion of. **END**

Each in his own fashion, Champion Clay and Referee Krause signal the end of the fight at 2:18 of the 12th round. It had long been in sight.



LITTLE BRUINS IN A BIG, BIG BOWL

So small and quiet for three quarters that USC hardly knew they were around, Gary Beban and his UCLA team awoke all southern California with two touchdowns that put them in the Rose Bowl **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

The UCLA quarterback is a sophomore, which ought to be warning enough. He is also a quarterback who likes to have the plays called for him, which serves as further warning, since the number of college quarterbacks who like to have the plays called for them can be counted on the fingers of a flagpole. Compounding such alarums, the coach who calls the plays is famous for his slapstick play selection. He is liable to punt on third down for no apparent reason and run on fourth down deep in his own territory. His name is Tommy Prothro, he is a great pagoda of a man with standout ears and thick eyeglasses, but as a colorful character he comes across like warm milk. "What I am," he once said, "is the oratorical equivalent of a blocked punt."

The team that sophomore Gary Beban quarterbacks and Tommy Prothro coaches is distinguished by its size—very small—and its demeanor—very quiet, which is what you should be when you are very small. When the UCLA publicist, Vic Kelley, was casting about for a way to describe its talents last week he said, "What this is is a nice bunch of boys, *real nice* boys. You know, quiet. And a lot of poise."

Early in the fall Prothro kept telling Kelley that it was going to be a good football team. Kelley remembered that Prothro had been coaching up at Oregon State for the last 10 years and could not know that UCLA was potentially the worst team in the West, but he passed Prothro's balloons of optimism to the press anyway, with only an occasional backward glance to ask, "Now, Tommy, do you *really* mean that?"

A year ago UCLA lost six of its last seven games and gave up 147 points in five of those. It was fairly obvious that Billy Barnes, who coached the team to its last Rose Bowl game in 1962 but had three straight losers after that, did not leave Prothro the Green Bay Packers. Los Angeles sportswriters laughed when Prothro sat down to play. "Tommy Prothro did not come to UCLA to lose," wrote one, "but he'll learn."

Well, the first thing Vic Kelley did not realize was that if the UCLA team was quiet, that did not necessarily mean everybody was silent. Bob Stiles, a junior defensive halfback, is in fact the strong, unsilent type of which this Bruin team is made. Stiles let a receiver get by him rather spectacularly in practice the other day and when a coach braced him on it—"Bob, what in blazes were you doing?"—Stiles replied, "I was just standing there memorizing my Heisman Trophy acceptance speech, Coach, when this guy ran by me. . . ."

And another thing that was going on practically unnoticed was the work of Backfield Coach Pepper Rodgers. Prothro hired Rodgers, a former Georgia Tech quarterback, off the University of Florida staff and had in mind just the kind of things Pepper could do for a nice, quiet young quarterback, things like sitting up there in the press box on game days calling down good ideas. It helped Rodgers, too, that Gary Beban was the only capable quarterback UCLA had. He got all the attention. He had no bad habits, because in high school in Redwood City he had been a single-wing tailback, not a T quarterback. He was also attentive and agreeable ("He yessirs everybody," says Rodgers) and bright ("He's 19 but he acts like a 23-year-old man") and coachable. In the lexicon of the sport, coachable means that he can run and pass no matter who is talking.

Beban called what the coaches were doing with him a gamble, but he said Rodgers gave him confidence in himself, made him feel "six inches taller and 50 pounds heavier." Normally Beban is 6 feet even, 175 pounds. As time went by, Prothro was moved to say that Beban was the best sophomore quarterback he had ever seen, that he was unusual because he had no apparent weaknesses. There are those who would go Prothro two grades better. They believe Beban already is the best quarterback in college football, Bob Griese and Steve Juday notwithstanding.

As surely as day follows night and good things come to no-weakness quarterbacks who are suddenly six inches taller, exciting things began to happen to UCLA—victories for instance, one upset victory after another, until there UCLA was last week with mighty Southern California in the Los Angeles Coliseum playing showdown before 94,085 people on a damp, gray day for the right to represent the West in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. Just like old times—the battle of Los Angeles.

"Players, students, mothers and daddies—they all know each other because they grew up around here together," said USC Coach John McKay as the bands played and the fans cheered and the traffic piled up in monstrous proportions before the game. "They're all old friends, and nobody can hate you like your friends."

What happened when the game of hate began was what you would expect to happen to a sophomore quarterback who gets enough chances. Beban fumbled. Beban threw bad passes. Sealed off by a superior (also heavier) USC defense, he could not run, and when he passed he was rushed prodigiously. Meanwhile, the USC offense (also heavier and superior) made enough yards—414 altogether—to win two football games. Mike Garrett, the halfback who cannot be stopped except by committees of tacklers

continued

Like a swarm of blue-shirted bees, UCLA tacklers land on USC's famed Mike Garrett, who gained 210 yards but fumbled twice.





and then only rarely, ran for 210 yards himself, mostly on wedges and traps inside the tackles. Quarterback Troy Winslow threw two touchdown passes—10 yards to Mickey Upton in the second quarter and eight yards to Rod Sherman on the first play of the last quarter—and Tim Rossovich kicked a 20-yard field goal. With four minutes to play, USC had a 16–6 lead. Solid.

It might just as well have been 60–6. UCLA had not gained a dime's worth since Mel Farr broke for 49 yards and a momentary 6–0 Bruin lead in the first quarter. For the next 40 minutes the Uclans were held to one first down. They ran exactly seven offensive plays in the second quarter and, backs to the wall, punted three times on third down. In the third they ran only 11 plays, and Beban had two passes intercepted.

But there was something McKay had said a week before the game that was to prove omniscient. Speaking only half in jest, he said, "It takes us eight minutes to go 60 yards. UCLA goes 60 yards in one clip."

Using all sorts of minutes, USC drove 76 yards in 14 plays in the first quarter and Garrett fumbled the ball away at the UCLA one-yard line. A fumble at the 26 killed another drive in the second quarter, and some mismanagement of their time-outs caught the Trojans short of a touchdown at half time after they had reached the UCLA seven.

In the third quarter Garrett fumbled away again at the UCLA 17, and later, on third and goal at the UCLA three, Winslow's pass was grabbed away from Upton by the newly alerted, ever-irrepressible Stiles in the UCLA end zone. Thus, in three quarters of painstaking offense, USC had six chances to score—and wasted all but one.

Now it was down to those last four minutes and practically over. After absorbing two 15-yard penalties, the Trojans were back on their own 23 and trying to run two more plays before punting. "At that moment," said Prothro, "my confidence was not overwhelming."

But on second down, after first breaking free, Winslow fumbled the ball to UCLA's Erwin Dutcher on the USC 23, and back in came Beban with the offense, somehow undisturbed by what until then had been his worst day of the year. "I wasn't thinking about 95,000 people," he said later. "All I could think of was that the defense had done a job."

UCLA had not tried to beat USC's deep defenders on a pass since the second quarter, and it seemed folly to try now, since McKay's deep men, instructed to give Beban the 12- to 15-yarders but guard with their lives against the long throws, had done just that. But Trojan Halfback Nate Shaw went for the UCLA left end, who had delayed and then slanted toward the sideline, and this exposed the left side to Wingback Dick Witcher, who ran right past Shaw, curved left and caught Beban's perfect spiral just behind the frantic dive of Safety Man Mike Hunter, trying too late to cover on the play.

Now, after a two-point conversion pass, it was 16–14, and a UCLA man said the way things were going this unbelievably delightful season you just knew the Bruins would recover an onside kick, and that is exactly what Dallas Grider did on the USC 49. After a first down, however, Beban got trapped on a pass attempt and UCLA's situation was again critical: third down, 24 yards to go at the UCLA 48 and everybody from San Diego to Seattle knowing Beban had to throw long. Everybody except the unfortunate Shaw, who happens to be McKay's best defensive halfback. Beban rolled to his right, then set up to throw back to the left to Farr, who was running a swing pattern behind End Kurt Altenberg. Altenberg was supposed to run straight down the field to lure Shaw out of Farr's area. But Shaw moved in to pick up Farr—and, too late, realized that Altenberg was winging toward the goal. Beban naturally abandoned plans to throw to Farr—"I admired his individuality," said Prothro afterward—and hit Altenberg for the winning touchdown.

No further dramatics were necessary. It was 20–16 UCLA, and since Winslow does not throw a good long pass there would be no retribution. In moments the game was over, and UCLA fans flooded the field and tore down the goal posts and Prothro made a speech to the student body that nobody heard over the noise. In the UCLA dressing room coaches unashamedly hugged one another and did little dances and Ron Siegrist, who came to UCLA with Prothro, said it exactly the way it happened:

"They were too big for us, and too strong, and they turned us every way but loose, except three times—and those three times we burned 'em. For touchdowns, brother, and they can't take a one away from us."

Garrett, still in his uniform, came in to congratulate the UCLA team on its comeback—"It takes a great effort to do what you did," he said, and left with tears in his eyes—and Prothro told him he thought he was the finest college back he had ever seen. Later, Prothro lay flat on a table, with a Coca-Cola teetering on his chest, and softly drawled the answers to questions and accepted congratulations and love pats from the UCLA hierarchy. He has to stretch out that way, he explained, because he gets muscle spasms after a game. He said he felt very fortunate to win.

Beban or no, Prothro and his staff have done an excellent job with this team, and they did it without the sweeping personnel changes and massive redeployment of the kind Ara Parseghian had to make to bring Notre Dame back to power his first year at South Bend. The UCLA staff simply made the most of what it had, and paid attention to the tenets of the Prothro system. This coach "fights like the dickens" not to be cataloged as a third-down-punt and fourth-down-gamble man and he believes you latch onto fundamentals and authority. "This is not going to be a democracy," he told the UCLA team the first day of practice. "When we swing into action, there won't be time for debate." He said half his Oregon State team quit that first year at Corvallis because they weren't willing to accept the program. At UCLA, where the attitude was make us as you please, just make us *good*, he lost only one boy.

UCLA has a final game with Tennessee on December 4, but that is now preliminary to the Rose Bowl and the second meeting with Michigan State. Michigan State is the best team in the country, and is better now than it was when it beat UCLA 13–3 in September. You have to think that against a team as physical as Michigan State, poor little old UCLA is capable of running up a huge deficit. You have to think 20 points, maybe 30. Poor, poor UCLA. And then, if you keep thinking, you eventually have to get to Gary Beban, and then you have to stop thinking, because all that does is confuse you. **END**

SHEEDY & LONG

Scoring winning touchdown, UCLA End Kurt Altenberg hugs ball to his chest as desperate Mike Hunter flails his arms helplessly.

HEROES WITHOUT ANY HEADLINES

Led by a rough ol' country boy named Dennis Gaubatz at middle linebacker, the little-known lightweights of the Colt defense are helping Johnny U. and Company to another divisional title ***by TEX MAULE***

It is the firm intention of the Baltimore Colts to clinch the Western Division championship of the National Football League sometime in the next month, and then the public will credit their success to the passing and field generalship of John Unitas. The fans will award smaller gold stars to Coach Don Shula; to football's best No. 2 quarterback, Gary Cuozzo; to Raymond Berry, Jimmy Orr and John Mackey, the fine Colt receivers; and to Running Backs Tony Lorick, Lennie Moore, Tom Matte and Jerry Hill.

The fans will be only half just, for an equal share of the praise should go to a group of highly capable players with only vaguely familiar names. These men play defense for the Colts, and they do not have a press agent. They have not, for example, enjoyed anything like the fame of the Sam Huff-led New York Giant defense of recent vintage—which had its own cheering sections in New York's Yankee Stadium. The Colt defenders deserve better.

The goal of all wise football men is a balanced team—one that combines a knockout punch with the strength and cunning to counter an opponent's Sunday swings. This is the kind of team that wins championships, and it is the kind in which defense is just as important as the flashier offensive maneuvering. It is so crucial that there is a maxim that says defense wins championships. At least once in the last 20-odd years that proved literally true—the 1963 Chicago Bears, with an offense that treated the ball like a live grenade, beat Y. A. Tittle's Giants.

The Colt defense this year is as good as that of the 1963 Bears, and it is complemented by the most versatile attack in the West. Excellent balance accounts for Baltimore's clear superiority over the other strong teams in the NFL's tougher division. The San Francisco 49ers, for instance, can score as easily as the Colts, and so can the Minnesota Vikings. The 49ers have a powerful pair of runners in John David Crow and Ken Willard, a passer only a shade less efficient than Unitas in John Brodie and receivers who can cut and catch on a par with Baltimore's. Minnesota has Fran Tarkenton at quarterback, two outstanding runners in Tommy Mason and Bill Brown, and a fine receiver in Paul Flatley. But it is not very difficult to score on either the 49ers or the Vikings.

On the other hand the Green Bay defense is as good, statistically, as Baltimore's, but the Packer attack has gotten lost somewhere in its recent games, and too big a burden is being placed on the defense. Almost the same thing is true of the Detroit Lions.

The Colts' powerful offense helps the defense in two important ways. First, the Colt attacking team is usually on the field for a considerable part of a game, controlling the ball. This gives the defensive players time in which to rest and regroup between hitches. Second, the Colt offense scores often and this means that the defenders feel free to gamble; they are not inhibited by the thought that a single mistake can cost them the ball game. (The Packer defense may become overcautious if the offense does not pick up.) So the Colt defenders are more effective because they can give more, physically and psychologically, while they are on the field.

Yet even without the puissant Colt offense this defense would rank high on its merits and despite the fact that it may be the lightest defensive unit in the league. "The key to most defenses is the linebackers," says Charlie Winner, a small man who coaches the Colt defensive backs although he has played neither major-college nor professional football. "We have good linebackers. They are big enough to meet the run and quick enough to react well against the pass. The linebackers are two-way insurance; they move up to help the linemen and back to help the backs."

Some of the Colts' premium insurance this year stands 6 feet 2, weighs 230 and answers to the name of Dennis Gaubatz (*see cover*). He is a young, thickset, fair-haired man who calls the defensive signals for Baltimore from his position as middle linebacker. "The middle linebacker is in the center of the defense," Winner says. "He is just behind the line and just in front of the secondary and equidistant from the sidelines. Everyone can hear him. I think the Bears and the Lions make a mistake letting corner linebackers call the signals on defense. I mean one side of the defense can't hear the call, so the middle linebacker has to relay it and sometimes he is so involved in figuring out his own assignment that he forgets the relay. Or he may not hear the signals and call it wrong on the relay. So all at once you got half your defense doing the wrong thing, and you have multiplied the odds against yourself."

Gaubatz is only 24—young for a man who must match wits with shrewd older quarterbacks every Sunday afternoon. But he is an extremely confident young man and a very bright one. He learned to be self-sufficient when he was a youngster living in a small town named Needville in East Texas.

Gaubatz was drafted by Detroit and played with the Lions before the Colts grabbed him in a trade last June. "They was worried about me calling defensive signals in Detroit," he says. "I wasn't worried. Look, when I was a kid, my high school coach was my scoutmaster. One time he took us on a camping trip —to Mexico, I think it was. Coming back, he says he needs a linebacker and I says, 'I can play linebacker.' He looked at me and laughed and said, 'You'd

never be a linebacker, Dennis.' Well, anyway, I tried linebacker and finally he had to put me in. My senior year we went to the semifinals for the state championship in our division. 'Nother time he was the track coach, and I said, 'Coach, I'm going to run the quarter mile.' He laughed and he said, 'Dennis, you can't run the quarter.' That year I went to the state meet in the quarter. Next year they was lots of faster quartermilers in our district, so I said, 'Coach, I'm going to high jump.' He looked at me and he said, 'Dennis, I don't think you can high jump, but so far you done ever thing else you said you'd do, so try it.' Well, I never got over six feet, but I went to state in the high jump too."

The Colts started jumping in Gaubatz' direction soon after the end of the 1964 season because Bill Pellington, who had been their middle linebacker and defensive signal-caller for 12 years, retired.

"We liked Dennis because he had done a hell of a job against us as a substitute for Joe Schmidt when Joe was hurt," says Don Kellett, the Colts' general manager. "We called Harry Gilmer [the new Detroit coach] and Russ Thomas [Detroit's director of player personnel], and they wanted more than we wanted to give up. Finally, it came down to the last phone call and Thomas said, 'O.K., we'll give you Gaubatz for Joe Looney and a draft choice.' I'm not saying what the draft choice was. Anyway, I said, 'Russ, that's the same deal we offered you yesterday, and you said there was no way you could make it. You changed your thinking?' 'I guess that's it,' he said, and we made the deal and Shula nearly fell off his chair laughing. It was a real good deal."

Shula wasted no time indoctrinating Gaubatz in the Baltimore defensive system which—now that Clark Shaughnessy has left the Bears—may be the most complicated in the league. "I got a call from Pittsburgh," Gaubatz says. "I was working in the Ford plant in Detroit, and I knew the Lions didn't like me but I didn't know I was going to be traded. Then I got this call from the office to call Thomas or Gilmer in Pittsburgh. I thought, 'Oh, Lord, they done traded me to Pittsburgh.' I returned the call and Thomas said, 'I'm not going to beat around the bush. We traded you to Baltimore.' All I said was, 'Thanks,' and I hung up. Then the phone rang again, and it was Shula. I was upset right at first, then I started to feel real good about it. I was glad to leave Detroit."

Shula had called to start Gaubatz on a course of instruction as the defensive signal-caller of the Colts. The course was taught in brain-crushing detail until the season began, and the lessons are by no means ended.

"We got lots of defenses," is the way Gaubatz puts it. "I think it's a good idea. Way we figure, you got to give the opposing quarterback a lot to think about and not much time to think about it in. We don't show but two defensive sets when the quarterback come up to the line of scrimmage, but we change ever thing when he start to drop back to pass. So he ain't got more than three, maybe four, seconds to recognize the defense, decide what to do and do it. That shouldn't be enough time, we figure."

Gaubatz himself has about the same amount of time, before the snap, in which to analyze all the factors contributing to the defense he will call—and he has been well prepared for these high-

continued

BALTIMORE BLITZ UP THE MIDDLE



Gaubatz (*dark jersey*) begins a drive through the center of the offense designed to harass or bring down the passer. Diagram shows Gaubatz' four possible blitzing routes. Here he takes an inside path (*solid line*) as his tackle and end clear the way by spreading blockers.

speed hunches. "The defensive coaches analyze the movies and the scout reports on Monday," Dennis says. "Then they give us the defenses on Tuesday. Winner will give me a chart of what the quarterback is liable to call in any situation on any part of the field, and I study that. I know, for instance, that you've got to be careful when Green Bay has third and short yardage in its own end of the field. Third and two or three, you figure Bart Starr will send Jim Taylor into the line for the first down and you got to respect Taylor. Anybody says he ain't been run over by Taylor ain't played against him. I been in places where all he had to do was make a move and go and maybe he's gone for more yards, but he sees me and runs right at me. He can hurt you. But to go back to that third and two or three. I'm Taylor-conscious but I know that Starr, in the last couple years, has thrown maybe 10 or 15 long passes from there and a lot of them worked. He fakes Taylor in the line, you come up fast, and then he throws deep and it's six points. So when is he going to do that? I don't know yet. I just got to hope. I got to believe in me."

In the sure, swift movements with which he stalks his opponents, Gaubatz resembles a hunter. The resemblance is not accidental. "I wanted a gun since I can remember," he says. The first one he bought cost him 10 Saturdays of 10 hours' work at a grocery store. His pay was $2.50, and each week he trotted from the grocery to the hardware store to deposit the cash with the proprietor until he had his gun.

"I'd crawl a mile on my belly through the marsh to get a shot," he says. "I think hunting has helped with football. It gives you the eye. I ain't the best shot in the world, but I been shooting a long time."

A friend of Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom took Gaubatz hunting the other day, and he does not agree with Dennis. "He hit geese we couldn't see," he announced. "He hit damn near everything that moved, for that matter. I never saw a better shot."

"I reached up pretty high for a couple of geese," Gaubatz says. "Just lucky, I guess."

Young Gaubatz earned money for clothes, books, more guns and the limited entertainment available in East Texas by raising rabbits and chickens. "I had maybe five, six hundred rabbits when I was 14 or 15," he says. "I was playing football in West Columbus, Texas, where we had moved from Needville. Me and my daddy, who was a night watchman for Texas Gulf Sulphur, raised the rabbits. I sold 'em for a dollar apiece cleaned, until I got so busy at school I didn't have time and had to sell out. Only big trouble I had was with the young does. They used to eat their first litter until I found out what you do. You put a piece of bacon rind in the hutch a couple of days before they're due, and when the babies come the mama eats the bacon rind and not the babies."

His upbringing has made Dennis a hard football player. "He never tells you when he is hurt," says Winner. "The other day at practice he was having trouble covering the halfback on man-to-man patterns. He just couldn't move. I asked him if he was hurt and he said, 'No.' After practice I checked with the trainers and found out that they didn't want him to work because they thought he might have pleurisy."

Mentally as well as physically, Gaubatz seems to have acquired the pressure-resistant qualities that a middle linebacker must have. A couple of weeks ago the Colts beat the Minnesota Vikings 41–21 in Minneapolis, with Unitas on the sidelines with a bruised back. The hero of the game was young Cuozzo, starting at quarterback for the first time in his three years with the team. He threw five touchdown passes and performed so brilliantly that the Vikings' Norman Van Brocklin gave up coaching—for 24 hours. Before the game, knowing that Unitas was out and feeling that the defense was on trial as never before, Gaubatz was ashen.

"I feel like a vibrator," he told a friend.

Then he went out and called a cool and thoughtful game against the most difficult quarterback in the league to contain, Fran Tarkenton. Afterward, Gaubatz held out his left hand to accept a handshake from a well-wisher. The middle knuckle of the right hand was purple and swollen to the size of a golf ball.

"What happened?" his friend asked.

"I don't rightly know," Gaubatz answered. "I didn't know I had it but now I kind of recollect I hit Bill Brown on the helmet with it. Didn't hurt none to speak of. I'm just glad to get out of this one. I'm glad we held 'em. This has got to be the toughest offense in the league to call against."

In the complex Baltimore system Gaubatz has a choice of a wide variety of plays and he calls them in a huddle, just as the offensive quarterback does. And, like the quarterback, he can change the call at the line of scrimmage with an audible.

"He's still learning," says Winner, "but he is picking it up real fast. Hell, I'm still learning myself. He had a tough job against the Vikings, like everyone does because the Vikes really have two plays from every down. The first one is the play they call in the huddle. If that breaks down and Tarkenton begins to scramble, they got another play that develops from the scramble. They like to throw to their backs—Brown and Mason, or Brown and Phil King in this case, since Mason was hurt—and that makes it douhly tough on the linebackers. Dennis did a good job on them. He always does. He doesn't have the experience that Bill Pellington had, but he's more of a gambler and he has more range. Bill was one of the best defensive signal callers because he had been in the league so long. Dennis can't match him there, but Dennis will call the blitz more often and he's quicker getting in on the blitz himself because he has more speed and he's strong enough to shed blocks."

The Colts rely on zone defenses more often than not. "We hide the zone," Gaubatz says. "Any defense has weaknesses and the various zones have them, too. You got to figure what the quarterback will call and set a defense that will match your strength with his point of attack. If he comes out in a set that is ohviously going to hit our defense where it's weak, I change off at the line. Then he changes and I change, and we're in a guessing game. So far this year we have guessed right pretty good."

Gaubatz' guessing has been so effective that the Colts lead the league in defense against rushing, having given up only 893 yards in 10 games. Only Green Bay has limited the opposition to fewer points—133 to Baltimore's 188. In total yardage given up Baltimore is a solid fourth.

Winner, incidentally, does not believe in separating pass defense from running defense, statistically or any other way. "We play total defense," he says. "I

continued

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Gaubatz, of course, is not the whole defense, or even a major part of it, although his is a key role. Veterans like Bobby Boyd, perhaps the best corner back in the league, and Ordell Braase, one of the outstanding defensive ends, have contributed heavily. Boyd and Braase are the only two defensive starters with as much as six years' service with the Colts. "I didn't realize we had had such a big turnover," says Boyd, the defensive captain, a bald but agile man who makes up for his lack of height with brilliant play diagnosis. "But we got some real good studs in the last few years. Oennis is one of them. Fred Miller and Steve Stonebreaker and Lou Michaels and guys like that help, too."

Miller, in his third season, is small for a defensive tackle at 245, but he is agile and he is becoming tricky, in the style of Green Bay's Henry Jordan. Another young Colt, Ted Davis, has filled in capably for the injured veteran, Don Shinnick, at corner linebacker.

"This is a young team," says Winner happily. "Boyd is our oldest defensive back, and he's only 28. They should keep improving for a long time."

Michaels is the left-footed field-goal kicker who came to the Colts from Pittsburgh and was given the unenviable job of replacing Gino Marchetti, the defensive end most experts regard as the best who ever played that position.

"He has done a fine job," Winner says. "He isn't Marchetti, but then no one else is either. But he's given us everything we asked for and more, and so has Gaubatz. We are probably as good or better than we have ever been on defense."

Paraphrasing Gaubatz, you got to believe in those Colts. END

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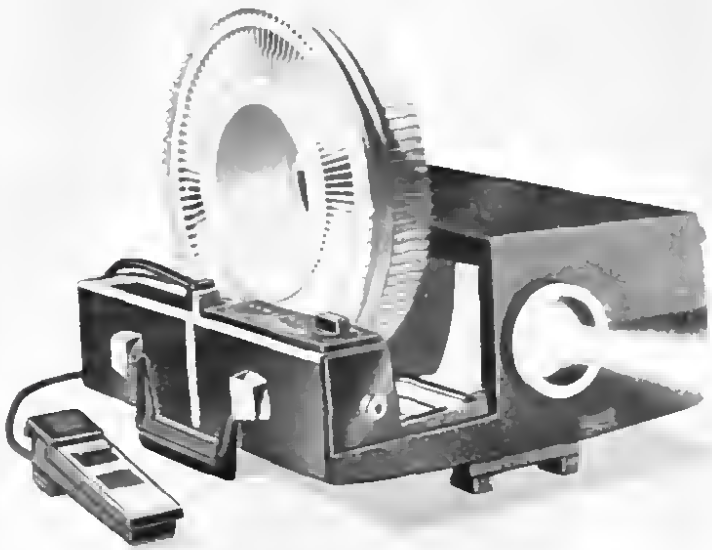
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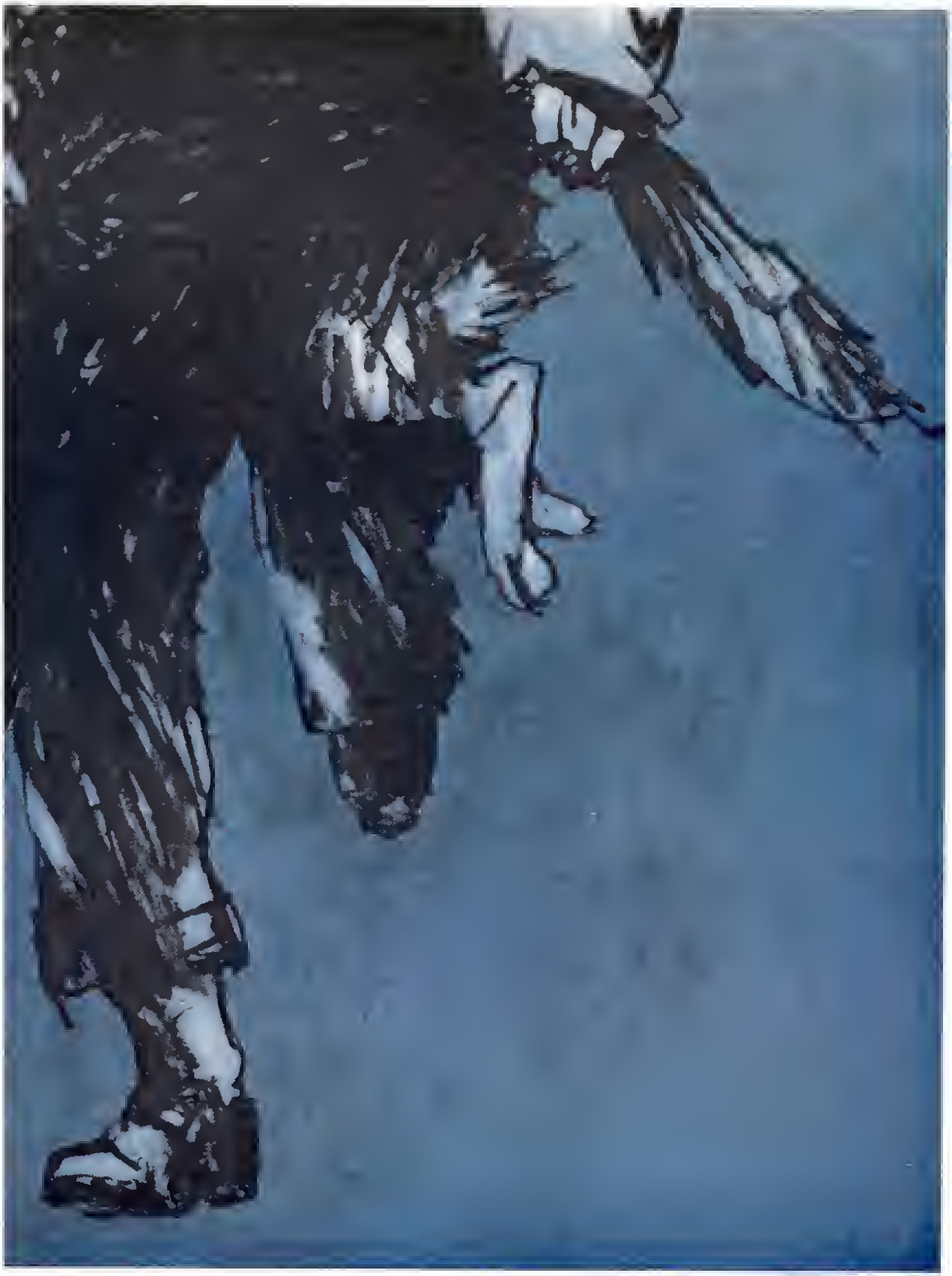
Science's need for experimental animals is very real but is often filled by unscrupulous and cruel professional dognappers ***by COLES PHINIZY***



It is fence-mending time on Capitol Hill now, and the halls of Congress are deserted—except perhaps for the ghost of a dog named Pepper. Late last June, Pepper, who was a 5-year-old Dalmatian bitch of affectionate disposition, disappeared from the 80-acre farm of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lakavage in Slatington, Pa. Nine days later she turned up at New York City's Montefiore Hospital, where her body was used in a scientific experiment and then cremated. Because of her untimely end, her ghost soon after appeared to haunt the U.S. House of Representatives in the form of a bill (H.R. No. 9743) that would require anyone dealing in dogs to be licensed by the Federal Government and to keep records of all his transactions.

Whether or not the martyred Pepper will succeed in making a federal case out of dognapping is up to the men who make our nation's laws, but there are two things that the legislative investigation of her death and disappearance have made quite clear: 1) many pet dogs are being stolen from the front lawns and sidewalks of this country, and 2) the thefts in large part are motivated by science's constant and growing need for laboratory animals.

How did Pepper, the prime mover of the pending legislation, get from a Pennsylvania farm to a New York hospital? No one knows exactly, but this is certain: Pepper was last seen by her owner late on the evening of June 22. Like most family dogs, she had too much faith in people. She wagged her tail at strangers, and she liked to ride in automobiles. Probably in the early hours of the 23rd a dog thief simply stopped his car on the road in front of the Lakavage house, opened the door, invited *continued*



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Pepper to hop in, and then drove away with her.

All during the following week a heartbroken Mrs. Lakavage advertised and hunted for her dog. At the same time, by coincidence, a dog dealer named William Miller of McConnellsburg, Pa. was arrested in Northampton County, Pa. for improperly loading a shipment of dogs and goats in his truck. Reading a newspaper account of Miller's arrest, the Lakavages noticed that the shipment included two Dalmatians. While Miller tried to get a better truck—a truck that would satisfy the local requirements—his dogs and goats were retained overnight in the Northampton animal shelter, where they were photographed by the local SPCA. Subsequently, when shown the photographs, Mrs. Lakavage said she had no doubt that one of the Dalmatians was Pepper. Unfortunately, before she could get to the Northampton shelter for a firsthand look, Miller had taken off with his shipment, bound—he claimed—for a dog farm in High Falls, N.Y.

When she learned where he had gone, Mrs. Lakavage traveled 120 miles to High Falls in pursuit of Miller, but when she got to the dog farm they wouldn't let her in because she had no search warrant. As it turned out later, this proved immaterial, because Miller had never gone to the farm. Instead he had taken an indirect route to New York City and had sold the two Dalmatians to Montefiore Hospital. Before Mrs. Lakavage discovered this and could stay the hand of the Montefiore experimenters, her dog Pepper had already been used and cremated.

During the post mortem investigation by Pennsylvania officers Miller claimed he got the Dalmatian from a man named R. B. Hutton in St. Thomas, Pa. Hutton supposedly got it from an Everett, Pa. dog dealer named Jack Clark, who was said to have gotten it from a man in Altoona. Since reliable records were not kept by all parties, no one can be sure if this chain of dog vendors actually handled Pepper. In any case, the chain—if such it was—is not the kind a dog likes to be connected with. Last November, Miller was fined $20 for cruelty and for keeping dogs in unsanitary conditions. Last February, Jack Clark's son was fined $300 for transporting 136 of his father's dogs jampacked in a truck designed to carry only 60. The dogs ranged in size from Pomeranians to Collies, and one was near death when the law caught Clark.

Before the hunt for Pepper reached its sad conclusion, the bad smell of the affair had reached the noses of Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania and Congressman Joseph Resnick of New York. The current bill to thwart dognappers was initiated by Congressman Resnick, and it will get Senator Clark's support if it ever makes the perilous journey from the House to the Senate without losing all its teeth.

At a preliminary hearing on the bill some weeks ago a great many charges were made, but not much was proved one way or the other. The truth of the matter is that the whole business of dog procurement for laboratory use, illicit or otherwise, wallows in a sea of insufficient fact. How many dogs do U.S. laboratories use in a year? Nobody knows. How many laboratories use dogs in experiments? Again nobody knows. Where do most of the dogs come from? No one can say for sure.

In an on-the-spot survey five years ago a committee of the National Research Council found that 57 of the medical schools and research centers around the country were using more than 60,000 dogs annually. Since no one knows how many more institutions use dogs, a projection of this figure is not honestly possible. Furthermore, judging from the five-year-old survey and random accounting since, it is obvious that the consumption of dogs varies greatly from institution to institution. The University of Minnesota, for example, uses 5,000 to 9,000 dogs a year, and the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md. use around 4,500. In contrast, Montefiore Hospital, where Pepper died, uses only a few hundred.

From such fragmentary evidence as this it is safe to presume that at least 100,000 dogs are used for experiments each year in the laboratories of the nation. The consumption may very well be five times as great. Some dare to say it is more than a million.

One certain fact is that only a small percentage of the dogs used by laboratories—no more than 20,000—come from breeders who raise them explicitly for that purpose. These breeders are mainly beagle breeders, and their going price is about $100 for a one-year-old specimen. A far greater number of the dogs used

continued

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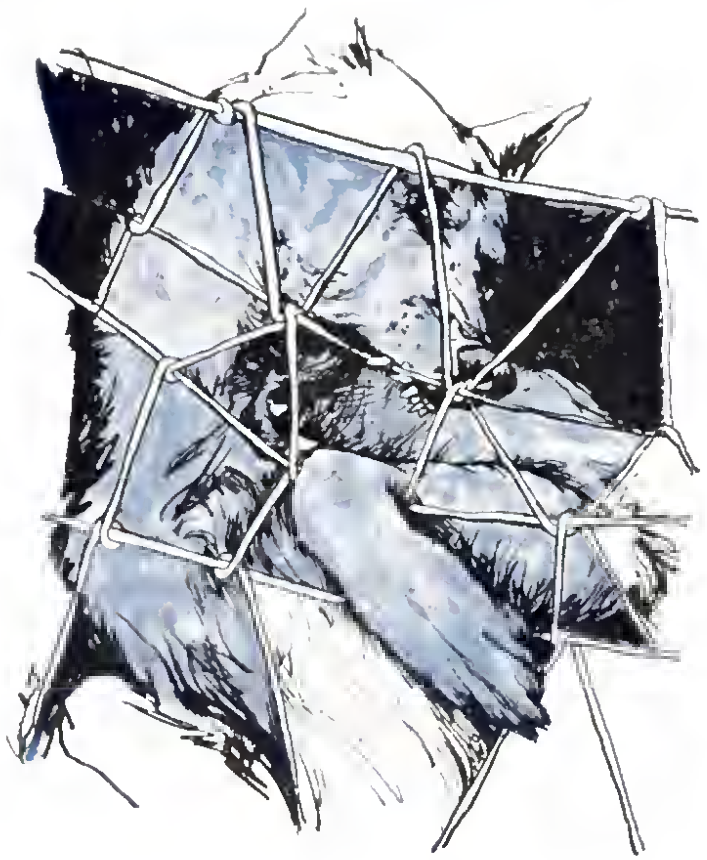
'66 Corvair Monza Sport Coupe—Among the many standard new safety assists are two-speed electric windshield wipers for better vision in heavy rain

in experiments come from municipal and county pounds. A considerable number —and here again no one can be very precise—come from dealers who pick up strays and buy dogs that are no longer wanted or that have been stolen. Such a dealer can get $10 to $25 for a "stray" Dalmatian like Pepper. The price per dog is low but, all told, it is not a petty business. Dierolf Farms, which is reputedly the biggest seller of unwanted dogs in Pennsylvania, grosses more than $150,000 annually.

At the September hearing on the Resnick bill the representatives of research laboratories opposed the measure on the following grounds: 1) it would hamper research, 2) it was playing into the hands of antivivisectionists and 3) it was unworkable, unconstitutional and discriminatory, since in its original form it legislated only against dealers who sold to laboratories. Most of these opinions, though considerable, lacked the support of solid fact. In opening the hearing Congressman Resnick himself made one point very clear: "I am not an antivivisectionist," he said, "and the issue of vivisection is nowhere involved in this legislation. Neither is the issue of animal care in the laboratory. This bill is concerned entirely with the theft of dogs and cats and, to a somewhat lesser degree, the indescribably filthy conditions in which they are kept by the dealer."

One of the few facts adduced to oppose the Resnick bill was cited by Dr. Roger Estep, president of the National Capital Area Branch of an organization known as the Animal Care Panel. Dr. Estep, in addition to pleading the usual case, maintained that dog stealing is not a national problem. To support this thesis he produced some data from Prince Georges County, Md., where, he pointed out, in 1964 there were 873 reported cases of theft but only two involving dogs. This is a neat bit of reasoning that tries to measure the gravity of a crime by the frequency of its commission. According to such logic the Lindbergh kidnapping law should be repealed, for

continued





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HEAD

there are really very few children stolen annually. In Prince Georges County, to use Dr. Estep's particular microcosm, there is no record of kidnapping in the past 10 years.

What Dr. Estep seems to overlook is the further fact that, almost as much as a child, the domestic dog is part of the human heart and the human home and has been since lost time, for reasons no one can or need explain. Although the love men have for dogs is a socially accepted fact, it is one that at present does not have much legal recognition. In some states there is no law specifically covering dog theft. In states that do recognize it as a specific crime the penalties vary greatly, rarely taking into consideration *anything except the dollar value of the* animal. In New York state, for example, the maximum penalty prescribed for dog stealing is $10 and 10 days in jail. In Georgia, on the other hand, the minimum is a year in jail, the maximum, three years.

The question whether the Federal Government or the separate states should do more to protect the dog is one that can be argued on and on until all argument becomes senseless. It cannot obscure the fact that there is now an unwholesome and illicit traffic in dogs being carried on by soulless men. The most striking testimony to this truth at the Resnick hearing came from Sheriff Mark Bodine of Monroe County, Mo., who used only 3½ minutes of his allotted five minutes to present the sordidness that he had witnessed.

Using language made the more dramatic by its matter-of-fact straightforwardness, Sheriff Bodine described the circumstances that prompted him to arrest one dog dealer for cruelty to his merchandise. "With one of my deputies," Sheriff Bodine reported, "we went out there, and we found what is currently known as a horse trailer that was made double deck, which contained dogs, about as many as they could cram in, which was parked about a mile beyond *the road, back in the woods, which had* been found by a squirrel hunter. My deputy went out and made the investigation, and he found that this was a very hot day, and there were dogs on top of dogs that were dead, and there were pans of water, but, because of dogs being on top of other dogs, they could not get to them. And this equipment that they were in was all enclosed, all but the rear

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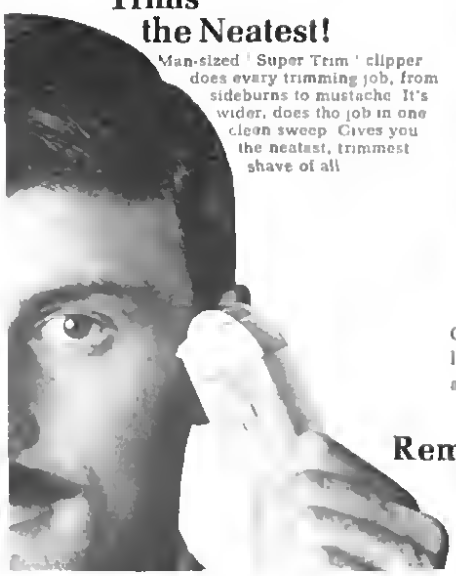


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end, which was wire mesh at the rear end of it. One dog in particular was crammed up into one corner with his teeth hanging in the wire, so there was no room for him to get around. The dogs were crammed in this trailer, and they estimated that there were 120 dogs in the trailer. The dogs could not get anything to eat in the rear, in the rear end, that is. Approximately 20, 30 or 40 feet away there was a pile of dead dogs, four or five feet high. There were about 50 or 60 or so in this pile, and in another hollow not too far away from there we found where a number of dogs had been killed or had died, and they had been partially burned, and there were the remaining bones and skeletons and hides there."

To judge by the facts available from bereft owners, the theft of a dog is not always a simple, brazen act. Often it involves subterfuge and, in some instances, bungling or malfeasance on the part of local officials. Three years ago, for example, Mrs. Gladys Byers of Camden, N.J. lost a black cocker named Alvin. For two weeks Mrs. Byers went almost daily to the municipal pound and was informed that no such dog had been taken in. Three months later police investigated the pound and arrested the men employed there for selling dogs on the sly to a laboratory supplier. In the rubbish at the pound the police found the tag of Mrs. Byers' dog. Similarly, when her German shepherd, Prince of Garde du Corps, disappeared, Mrs. Benzil Grim of Marion, Ind. went first to the police, then to the pound to find him. Although she made her first inquiry within the 72-hour limit that impounded dogs are required to be held in Marion, she was told that no such dog had been picked up. When Mrs. Grim subsequently found her dog at the Oakdale Farm and Kennel 58 miles away in Decatur, Ind. and traced him back to the Marion pound, the police, who are in charge of the pound, admitted that they had picked him up the same day he had disappeared. Mrs. Grim was allowed to have her dog, provided she made no further fuss. She now concludes that even in the cheap business of dog hustling "you can't beat city hall."

In Falls Church, Va., Mrs. James L. Reavis, the wife of a District of Columbia policeman, returned home scant minutes after a man who claimed to represent a local animal shelter had taken her

continued





Après Touchdown

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be cool-blooded indeed to deny a Wildcat V-8 its joy in motion. And the handling matches the engine. Steering is quick, light and precise. Even the ride is tuned: a Riviera brushes off bumps in its path, yet conveys a sense of the road to its driver.

In short, the Riviera operates just as you'd hope a car that looks like this would operate.

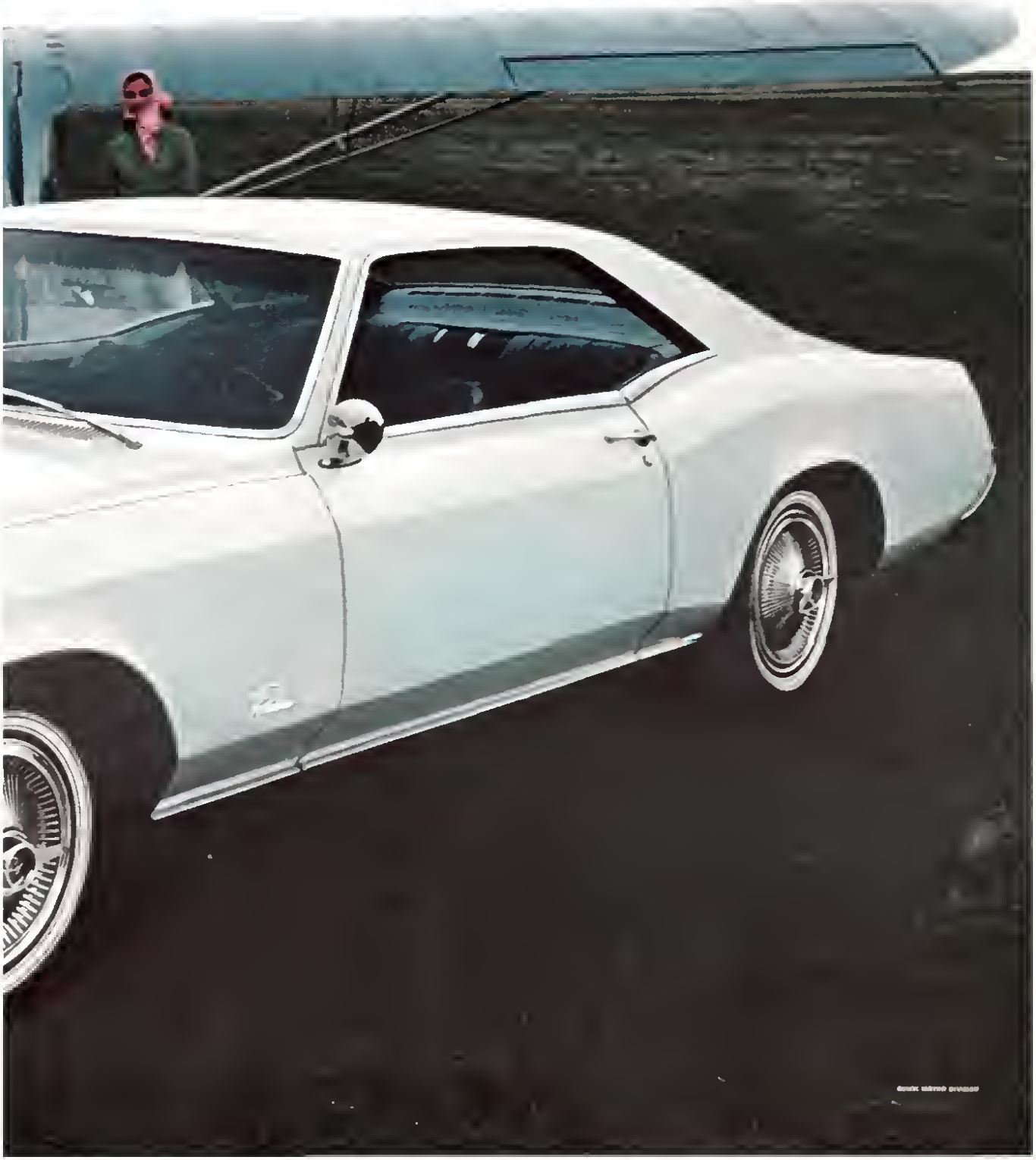
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German shepherd, Peanuts, from her front yard. Neighbor children, who had been gamboling in the yard with the dog, told Mrs. Reavis that the man had put the dog in a truck and had gone down the road thataway. Fortunately the road thataway led to a dead end. Hence Mrs. Reavis was able to spy the truck when it came back by her house. She took off after it in her car, trailing it more than three miles into an alley. The trucker was kind enough to return Mrs. Reavis' dog to her *after* she had forked over $5. With her love of a pet overriding all common sense, Mrs. Reavis failed to ask the man whom he represented, or to take his license number. At the moment it did not even strike her as odd that she had pursued the truck from Fairfax County into neighboring Arlington. "Being a policeman's wife," she now reflects, "I guess I was stupid. But I did get the dog back."

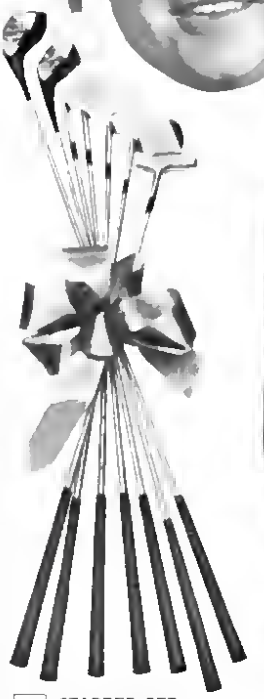
Another German shepherd, the property of a New Mexican boy named Joe Lozano, was being taken for a romp in Loose Memorial Park, Kansas City, Mo., where Joe was visiting his grandmother. A truck bearing the sign "Wayside Waifs" stopped, and its driver seized Joe's dog because, he said, it was not on a leash. On the surface this all seemed quite legitimate, since Wayside Waifs is a perfectly proper dog-supervising organization run by a humane society and authorized to pick up strays. However, when Joe's father telephoned Wayside Waifs to ask about the dog he was told that no German shepherd had been picked up in Loose Park. When Joe accompanied his father to the shelter he noticed a funny thing. The trucks there had the name Wayside Waifs painted directly on the paneling. On the truck that had picked up his dog the name was on a placard affixed to the paneling. On the same day that Lozano lost his dog, a genuine Wayside Waifs truckman on a routine collection mission learned along the way that a spurious Waifs truck had beaten him to it.

Neither the fake truck nor Joe Lozano's German shepherd was ever identified. In all likelihood, after leaving the phony dogcatcher's questionable care, Joe's pet passed—for a price—through progressively cleaner hands until, in what may well have seemed a perfectly legitimate deal to the man in charge, he ended up in a laboratory and there was used to fill some scientists' very real need for experimental animals. **END**

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK

It was the last big week. Champions were crowned in five major sectors as Arkansas and Tulsa did what was expected, Dartmouth and UCLA did what was not, and surprising South Carolina grabbed a share of Duke's Atlantic Coast title. Bowl sponsors all but completed their pairings, such as they are, and the only remaining confusion in the SEC will be cleared up Saturday when Alabama and Auburn meet. In a season of high-geared offenses, however, it was ironic that the biggest game—Michigan State vs. Notre Dame—was a furious defensive battle

It was one of those old-time games, the kind where you felt like applauding when a runner made it all the way to the line of scrimmage without having his headgear pressed into the size of a peanut. Most of Notre Dame's runners did not get that far—ever—and Michigan State, a team that still knows how to play defense in a season of high scoring and exploding offenses, turned South Bend into just another little Indiana town last week.

Everything was perfect for one of those classic games that would be remembered until the golden dome was turned into a discothèque, which is to say forever. The day was cold and breezy but clear—good football weather—and 60,000 people had paid from $3 to $100 for a ticket to get into the cream-brick stadium that Knute Rockne's success had built. The dome glistened, old Notre Dame ghosts were felt lurking about and the bands blared. But the game was no classic at all. It was, rather, 17 punts, five interceptions, five fumbles and a total of 29 rushing plays that went for either minus yardage or no gain, and Michigan State's defense won it by the unfashionable score of 12–3.

Michigan State would take it, though. The victory gave the Spartans of Coach Duffy Daugherty a perfect record of 10-0. It proved that even under Ara Parseghian, Notre Dame can still be beaten in South Bend. It evened the count for a 34–7 loss to the Irish last year. It all but insured Michigan State of the mythical national championships awarded by the two wire services (AP, sensibly, will collect its ballots after the bowl games this year). And it sent the Big Ten champions to the Rose Bowl with a spotless record. But, more than anything else, it proved again that a skilled, vicious defense is still the most reliable thing in college football.

Here was Notre Dame at home with the incentive of playing the No. 1-rated team. In itself, that is some barrier for a visitor. Also, Notre Dame had a strong club of its own—one that featured talented ballcarriers with plenty of size and agile linemen—good enough to have beaten seven teams and been rated No. 4. So all Michigan State did was hold Nick Eddy and Bill Wolski, two of the so-called "modern Four Horsemen," to minus yardage and Notre Dame's entire rushing effort to minus 12 yards for the afternoon. No one could remember when that had happened before, but everyone was certain it was pre-Gus Dorais. Meanwhile, back on the scoreboard, the Spartans came from behind for the sixth time to make it seem as if Daugherty, whose reputation as a speaker had eclipsed his stature as a coach, knew what X's and D's meant, after all.

Michigan State's defense was so quick and sound that Notre Dame, even though it benefited from three big breaks in the first half—getting the ball on State's 19- 25- and 18-yard lines—could dredge up only a 3–0 lead on Ken Ivan's 32-yard field goal. Notre Dame's defense performed admirably, too, but when the offense could not move it had to crack.



Steve Juday, the senior quarterback who makes Michigan State's sophomores and juniors go, rolls out toward right end while looking for a receiver downfield.

Late in the third quarter it did. Michigan State took over on Notre Dame's 39 after a punt, and in six plays it had the touchdown that, for all purposes, settled the whole thing. "Clinton Jones slept soundly Friday night for the first time all season, so we really weren't worried," said Quarterback Steve Juday.

Clinton Jones, a junior halfback who is built like Cassius Clay and flies like Gemini IV, got the drive going when he ripped through guard for 21 yards. (He gained 117 yards in all Saturday.) The next four plays saw Jones and the other halfback, Dwight Lee, alternate on gouges down to the three. Now came a play called "full house right half at eight power," and Jones followed what appeared to be the entire population of East Lansing into the end zone. Later in the fourth quarter Michigan State got an insurance touchdown on a 19-yard pass from Juday to Lee, but that one wasn't really needed—it was only to improve a statistic. Through 10 games the Spartans outscored their opponents 103–7 in the final quarter. "You might say we were a second-half team," said Daugherty.

No team gets through a 10-game schedule unbeaten without wringing destiny's neck a few times. Michigan State was no exception. Early in the season the Spartans had a splendid chance to lose to Illinois. They trailed 12–9 late in the third quarter when Illinois' Jim Grabowski broke loose for what looked like a touchdown that would have put the game out of reach. But near midfield Defensive Back Jim Summers dived at him from behind, barely tripped him up, and the drive stalled. Game saved. Against Purdue it appeared again that State had lost for sure. Trailing 10–8 and with time almost gone, Juday passed incomplete on third down at the Purdue 22. But what should have been a desperate situation with fourth and eight suddenly was not. An injudicious Purdue lineman roughed Juday, and the Spartans found themselves with a first down on the 12. They promptly scored. Second game saved.

Next, State lolled around against Indiana until it was behind, 13–10, with the fourth quarter moving along nicely. Then the explosion. Juday hit End Gene Washington with a 43-yard touchdown pass, and that was that.

Last Saturday Notre Dame had two splendid chances to succeed where the others before them had failed. Like this: Tom Longo made a diving interception of a Juday pass at the Michigan State 25. You had to think Notre Dame could score on the Viet Cong from only 25 yards out. But on the first play Quarterback Bill Zloch tried a pass, and Spartan Linebacker Charles Thornhill intercepted it. A few minutes later Notre Dame recovered a Juday fumble on the State 18. Well, this time, for sure, you thought, and it's 10–0. But what happened? Zloch threw the ball into the end zone and Don Japinga took it in stride as if he were the intended receiver. "We knew we could play 'em loose," said Japinga, "because Zloch floats the ball, you can get to it even if you're beat."

Notre Dame kept trying to throw in situations like these because of Michigan State's quick, big (in places), mobile and aggressive 5-3 defense, which refused to yield any outside running room. When the Irish ran to the right they were met by Bubba Smith, who is 6 feet 7 and weighs 270. When they ran left, they met Bob Viney, who is only 6 feet and 214 but just as effective. And when the Irish turned inside they met Linebackers Ron Goovert, Buddy Owens and Thornhill, and a rover named George Webster, who is 6 feet 4, weighs 218 and has the pros in love with him. They met Michigan State players from South Carolina (three of them), Texas (three of them), from Virginia, Pennsylvania and, even, from Michigan. It is a defensive team that forced nearly all of its opponents to the air, whether they had a passer or not. Notre Dame was not the first to wind up with minus yardage rushing. Michigan lost 51 on the ground, and Ohio State, of all teams, was minus 22.

Last week just about everybody had an explanation for Michigan State's surprising success in 1965. Some thought it was mostly Juday's leadership. Others said Clinton Jones alone makes the Spartans good. Defensive Line Coach Hank Bullough, who deserved no little amount of credit himself, tossed it off as "a case of our men simply believing they could handle the guys across from them, week after week."

Coach Duffy Daugherty, who would not admit that this is his finest team (only his "most thrilling"), credited conditioning, receptiveness to criticism, dedication, all those things. He then added, keeping in comic character, "We seem to be off to our best start in years."

—DAN JENKINS

THE MIDWEST 1. MICHIGAN STATE (10–0) 2. NEBRASKA (9–0) 3. PURDUE (7–2–1)

While Michigan State asserted its claim to the national championship in South Bend, Michigan, the old champion, succumbed to its sixth defeat. Second-place OHIO STATE beat the Wolverines 9–7 at Ann Arbor, and there is one thing you can say for OSU's Woody Hayes, that old exponent of dusty football: when he decides to defect, he really defects. His quarterback, Don Unverferth, passed 29 times and even threw with his back to the end zone. But when the Bucks were losing 7–6 and on their own nine with 7:25 to play, Hayes, predictably, went back to the game he likes best. It was Fullback Will Sander up the Michigan middle until he got Ohio to the Wolverine 11. Then Bob Funk kicked a 28-yard field goal for the winning points.

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Dartmouth Quarterback Mickey Beard played his best game of the year as he fired 12 completions for 229 yards and one score, sneaked for two more and directed the Big Green's smorgasbord attack flawlessly.

THE LINEMAN: Baylor End Donnie Laurence was in on 15 tackles, knocked the ball out of the hands of SMU Quarterback Mike Livingston and recovered it for a touchdown, then intercepted a pass to set up a field goal.

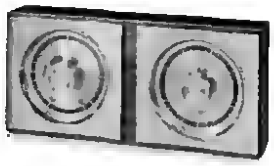
Indiana, a reluctant victim as usual, had PURDUE on the run until a strange call stopped the Hoosiers dead in the last quarter. Behind 26–21, plucky Indiana thought it had a first down on the Boilermaker 11 when bruising sophomore Fullback Mike Krivoshia drove up the middle for 12 yards. Then the roof fell. Krivoshia was called for using his forearm as a swinging wedge, and this cost Indiana the gain plus a 15-yard penalty and saved the season for Purdue.

MINNESOTA smashed Wisconsin 42–7 to tie Purdue for third place. ILLINOIS, with Jim Grabowski punishing the Wildcats for 187 yards and Fred Custardo throwing two touchdown passes, had an easy time beating Northwestern 20–6. Iowa's Jerry Burns, fired earlier, went out with his ninth loss as NORTH CAROLINA STATE intercepted seven of Gary Snook's passes to steal the game 28–20.

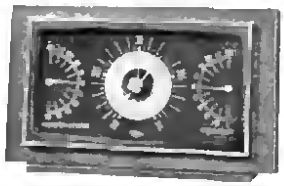
"If the Russians had a football team, maybe I'd rather beat them than Missouri," said Don Fambrough, a Kansas assistant coach, "but they're the only ones." For a while, it looked like Fambrough would have his wish. A blocked punt, a deflected pass and, all of a sudden, Kansas had a 13–7 lead. But MISSOURI Halfback Johnny Roland's second touchdown got the Tigers

continued

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even, and Quarterback Gary Lane's 19-yard run put them ahead 20–13. Charlie Brown ran 86 yards, Roland scored again, Lane threw a touchdown pass and Sugar Bowl-bound Missouri won 44–20. OKLAHOMA STATE stayed clear of the Big Eight cellar, bombing winless Kansas State 31–7.

Wichita State Coach George Karras came up with what he called a "Canadian defense"—a sticky 4-2-5—for free-and-easy TULSA. With five defenders scurrying to cover the Hurricane receivers and Howard Starks sticking to Howard Twilley like a conscientious remora, Tulsa had problems. But Quarterback Bill Anderson completed 25 passes for 204 yards, Twilley still caught nine and the Hurricanes won 13–3, clinching the Missouri Valley championship.

With the race over in the Mid-American, league teams concentrated on strong finishes against outsiders. MIAMI OF OHIO walloped Cincinnati 37–7, KENT STATE caught Louisville 7–6 in the last minute, and TOLEDO, the MAC's biggest surprise, took Dayton 21–7 to finish 5–5, its best record in eight years.

THE EAST 1. DARTMOUTH (9–0) 2. SYRACUSE (7–3) 3. PRINCETON (8–1)

There were no bowl bids at stake, but there was the Ivy League title, an unbeaten season and No. 1 ranking in the East. DARTMOUTH was supposed to provide the excitement, Princeton the hero. But before 45,725 in Princeton's Palmer Stadium the Big Green upset the production and won 28–14.

The question was why, and the answerer was Princeton's own Dick Colman, who has made a substantial career out of torturing Ivy rivals with his rare single wing and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of slick tailbacks. Said Coach Colman, "If we make mistakes, we'll lose." His Tigers made one mistake. They allowed Dartmouth Quarterback Mickey Beard, a superb passer, to cock his right arm. That arm, plus a spate of trickery concocted by Coach Bob Blackman and a determined stunting defense, wrecked Princeton's 17-game streak. Beard set up two touchdowns with his passes, then scored both on one-yard sneaks. One other toss, to End Bill Calhoun, went for 79 yards and a score. Sophomore Gene Ryzewicz, who hip-wriggles and frug-dances his way through lines, ran 12 yards for another touchdown.

When Dartmouth was not making like an un-Ivy bowl candidate, Princeton's talented Ron Landeck was making with the figures. He ran and passed for 249 yards to break Old Tiger Dick Kazmaier's one-season Princeton record (with 1,949 yards) and Gary Wood's Ivy League mark (with 1,646 yards), but all to no avail. "We were confident," said Dartmouth's Blackman later, "but awfully scared."

What had been a long, unrewarding year for PITT's John Michelosen got blacker last week when the *Pitt News* went after him hard. The team, said the student paper, needed a "new image," Michelosen was "out of style," and the paper called for his resignation. Reactions came swiftly. From Michelosen, who said, "This is my school, I'm staying." From Athletic Director Frank Carver, who said, "The past was great, the present unbearable the future confusing." Saturday, against favored Penn State, Michelosen's team reacted, too. The Panthers hustled to a 27–7 lead on Kenny Lucas' fine passing (18 for 228 yards), then blew it when the unstable Lions roared back to tie the score. But, with three seconds to go, little Frank Clark kicked an 18-yard field goal and Pitt won 30–27 to end a 3-7 season.

All week long Boston College practiced kicking out-of-bounds to keep the ball away from SYRACUSE's effervescent Floyd Little. So what happened? With BC ahead 7–0, Little ran a punt back 62 yards for a touchdown. But BC led 13–7 at half time on Ron Gentili's 25-yard run with an Orange fumble. Then Fullback Larry Csonka rammed in from the two, Little caught a 45-yard pass from Rick Cassata and Syracuse took the game 21–13. Little's touchdowns gave him 19 for the season—to break another Jimmy Brown record—and the nation's scoring lead with 114 points.

HARVARD and Yale, after wallowing in a first-half slough of despond, came half alive. Unfortunately for the Elis, it was the Harvard half that lived. Cantabs Buzz Baker and Dave Poe picked off errant Yale passes, Harvard scored twice within three minutes and the Crimson won 13–0. BROWN's Bob Hall, who had broken five Ivy passing marks, hurt Columbia more with his excellent running than with his throws. He scored three times as the Bruins romped 51–7.

BOSTON U.'s best season in eight years (5–3–1) came to a joyful end with a 28–3 win over Rhode Island. COLGATE, too, finished on a happy note, bruising Rutgers 24–10 while HOLY CROSS beat Connecticut 22–0 and BUFFALO took Villanova 20–7.

THE SOUTH 1. ALABAMA (7–1–1) 2. TENNESSEE (5–1–2) 3. GEORGIA TECH (6–2–1)

While Alabama spent its idle Saturday accepting an Orange Bowl bid (the Tide's seventh straight bowl appearance) the rest of Dixie was not so predictable. Kentucky, a team which might have been, was beaten by TENNESSEE, a team which is (and is in a bowl, the Bluebonnet), as two fine quarterbacks, Rick Norton and Charlie Fulton, watched, injured, from the sidelines. Tied 3–3 late in the third period, the teams waited for the mistakes that always accompany inexperienced quarterbacking. The Vols' wait was shorter: a pass from Kentucky's Terry Beadles was intercepted by Doug Archibald

continued

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on the Wildcat 20 and returned to the two. Dewey Warren went over for the touchdown, later scored another as Tennessee won 19–3. Kentucky's Charlie Bradshaw was left to ponder Accept a new contract or return to an assistant's post at Alabama?

LOUISIANA STATE, surprisingly, is also going bowling to Dallas' Cotton Bowl Tulane hardly threatened Charlie McClendon's fourth bowl team in four years. Billy Masters, a 6 foot 5, 225-pound halfback, scored three touchdowns as the Tigers breezed 62–0

Little respect was shown a third bowl-bound SEC member in Miami where the Hurricanes accepted two gift-wrapped touchdowns from Florida and wrapped Steve Spurrier in their own little package: Ends Rex Wilson and Ed Weisacosky and Linebacker Ken Corbin. They harried Spurrier into his worst day (8 of 22 passes) as MIAMI beat the Sugar Bowl-bound Gators 16–13 on Don Curtright's 24-yard field goal.

Shock was the word in the Atlantic Coast where SOUTH CAROLINA, which had never won a title, and DUKE, which usually does, tied for the championship. The Gamecocks let favored Clemson score in the last minute, then knocked down a two-point pass try to beat the Tigers 17–16. Duke surprised North Carolina 34–7 only to get a bigger surprise when Coach Bill Murray resigned. After 15 years at Duke, Murray got a locker-room *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow* serenade from his tearful players. All North Carolina got were Todd Orvald's passes to a double lonesome end formation (he completed 16 for 197 yards) and the rushes of Jay Calabrese, who scored three times. Maryland, which had a shot at a title tie also, was dealt out of it singlehandedly by Bob Davis of VIRGINIA, who passed for four scores and ran for another in a 33–27 win.

Another championship was decided when WEST VIRGINIA came from behind to score three touchdowns, holding off George Washington 37–24 for the Southern Conference crown. WILLIAM & MARY also got a taste of the good things in life With a 21–0 win over Richmond, the Indians had their first winning season since 1953.

In some intersectional scuffling, FLORIDA STATE missed two field goals and HOUSTON one in the final 1:13, as the teams tied 16–16; WAKE FOREST dashed Memphis State's Liberty Bowl hopes 21–20

EAST CAROLINA, though, had its bowl in hand. Dave Alexander ran for four touchdowns and passed for one as the Pirates, possibly the nation's finest small-college team, defeated Howard 35–10. They meet Maine in Orlando's Tangerine Bowl.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ARKANSAS (10–0) 2. TEXAS TECH (8–2) 3. TCU (5–4)

Texas football fanatics have learned at least one lesson this season: you do not yell

continued

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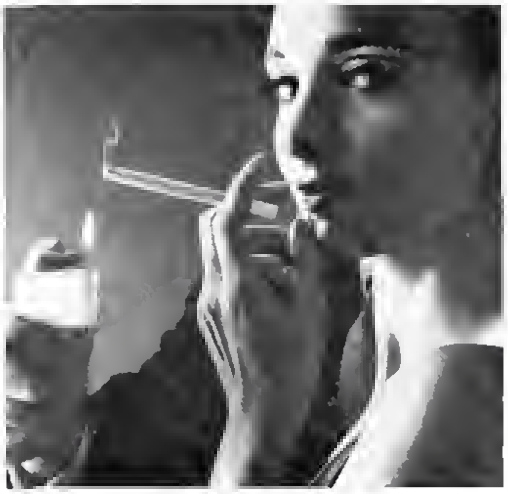
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"Phooey pig" before the end of any football game at ARKANSAS. Saturday, with "Phooey pig" ringing throughout Fayetteville, the Hogs twice climbed back from 10-point deficits to whip Texas Tech 42–24. To the victor: the Southwest Conference championship, the host team spot in the Cotton Bowl (against, alas, uninspiring LSU), a second straight perfect season and the nation's longest unbeaten streak at 22 games. Sooey pig! To the loser: a date (inspiring) with Georgia Tech in the Gator Bowl.

Texas Tech led 10–0 before Linebacker Joe Black started to throw Quarterback Tom Wilson, who managed to set a conference record with 26 completions, for repeated losses. The Razorbacks closed to 17–14 at the half, then, with Quarterback Jon Brittenum passing (14 of 20 for 232 yards) and running effectively, romped to four straight touchdowns and the ball game was over. Tech's Donny Anderson, despite his team's defeat, had another one of his good days. He ran for 75 yards, caught 10 passes for 143 yards and ran back three punts and kickoffs for 38 yards, giving him 256 yards for the day.

Baylor uses a pro-spread offense, and SOUTHERN METHODIST operates from a double slot—formations geared for a high-scoring game. So what kind of a game did they play? Mostly defensive. BAYLOR needed two extraordinary saves by End Donnie Laurence to win 20–10.

Quarterback Kent Nix threw four touchdown passes—all on first down—as TEXAS CHRISTIAN routed Rice 42–14. TEXAS WESTERN's Billy Stevens also passed for four touchdowns—he now has 19—including three to Chuck Hughes, in a 57–33 win over Xavier.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (7–1–1) 2. USC (6–2–1) 3. WASHINGTON (5–5)

Washington State needed a victory over Washington and a tie between UCLA and USC for a chance at the Rose Bowl. It struck out everywhere. Burning State's deep defense, rated the best in the West, with long passes faked off a reverse, WASHINGTON salvaged an even-Stephen season with an easy 27–9 victory. Coach Jim Owens figured the reverse would lure State's secondary closer to scrimmage, enabling Ends Omar Parker and Dave Williams to get free deep. They did and Tod Hullin hit them with touchdown passes as Washington blitzed State for 20 points in the second quarter.

STANFORD rallied behind Ray Handley and Dave Lewis to beat California for the fifth straight year, 9–7. Shortly after Cal had taken a 7–3 lead in the fourth quarter, Handley, running for 29 yards, and Lewis, passing for 28, ushered the Indians to the Cal 12. From there Handley exploded over tackle for the winning touchdown. Earlier

continued

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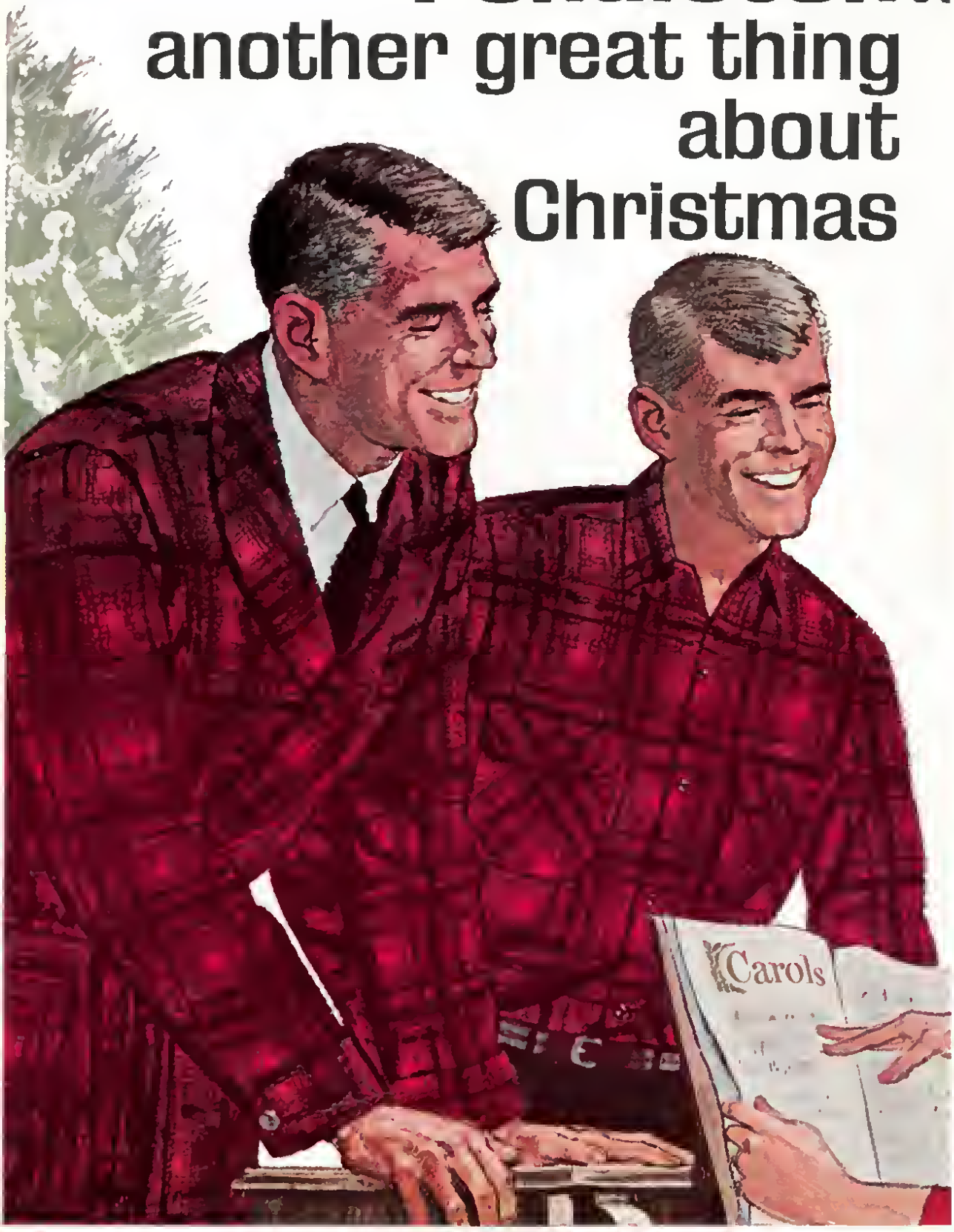
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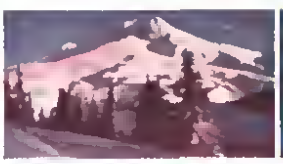




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the Indians' Terry DeSylvia had kicked a 23-yard field goal.

Bewildering Oregon with a specially designed "blast" defense that had seven men alternately rushing the quarterback or dropping back for double-pass coverage, ORLEGON STATE ran up a 19-0 lead, then held on for a 19–14 win. State scored after recovering fumbles on Oregon's 24- and 19-yard lines, also on Thurman Bell's eight-yard return of an intercepted pass. Bell later intercepted again at the State four-yard line to thwart Oregon's last gasp for victory. Inland, Frank Rogers, a rejected quarterback, caught a 58-yard touchdown pass and kicked field goals of 42 and 24 yards in COLORADO's 19–6 win over Air Force. ARIZONA STATE dropped Wyoming from first place in the Western Athletic Conference, capitalizing on fumbles and interceptions to win 14–10. Now BRIGHAM YOUNG, which beat Arizona 20–3, can win the title if it beats NEW MEXICO Saturday. The Lobos beat independent Iowa State 10–9, surviving 254 yards' worth of Tim Van Galder's passes.

In 62 previous games with Utah, UTAH STATE had won only 15 times. According to legend, the Aggies lost all those games while driving through Sardine Canyon on the trail from Logan to Salt Lake City. This year State flew the 90 miles—over, not through, Sardine Canyon—and won 14 7 as its two-man gang, Roy Shivers (152 yards in 25 carries) and Craig Murray (116 yards in 21 carries), ran unhexed and wild.

NEW MEXICO STATE scored 30 second-half points to beat North Texas State 43–13. FRESNO STATE, with Dave Plump stealing three San Jose passes, won 24 18

MERVIN HYMAN

THE 10 HARDEST PICKS

NAVY OVER ARMY Army's skimpy offense will get nowhere against the swarming Middies.
ALABAMA OVER AUBURN 'Bama plays sterner defense and attacks more voraciously.
GEORGIA TECH OVER GEORGIA King's passes will be too much for the tiring Bulldogs.
TENNESSEE OVER VANDERBILT The Vols will solve Vandy's good pass defense—by running.
FLORIDA OVER FLORIDA STATE The Seminoles have no one to match Florida's Spurrier.
MIRRIRRIPPI OVER MIRSIRSIPPI STATE Ole Miss is better at stopping people.
NOTRE DAME OVER MIAMI After Michigan State the Hurricanes will be a relief.
TCU OVER SMU It is not much, but the frisky Frogs want a tie for third place in the SWC.
TEXAS WESTERN OVER WEST TEXAR RTATE Stevens over Washington in a throwing match.
ARIZONA STATE OVER ARIZONA Following a bad start, the Sun Devils finish strong.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
9 RIGHT, 6 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 88-97-5

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Traveling familiar territory in West Virginia, selling sneakers and reminiscing about his All-America days, Hot Rod Hundley finds everything he does and every place he visits just great ***by FRANK DEFORD***

A LITTLE SLICE OF HEAVEN

Somewhere in deepest West Virginia, Hot Rod Hundley got up from a speakeasy bar. "It's been a little slice of heaven," Hot Rod said. He says that quite a bit. He picked it up from a bartender named Pat McGrath when he was a substitute beachboy one summer in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

"Wait a minute," this West Virginia bartender said. "Aren't you Hot Rod Hundley?" Hot Rod still hears that quite a bit in West Virginia.

"No. 33 in your program, No. 1 in your heart," Hot Rod said, even throatier than usual. He has a very throaty voice that sounds something like Billy Eckstine's until he imitates Billy Eckstine.

"Rod Hundley!" the bartender exclaimed, marveling at the thought of it. "I saw you play at WVU. Have one on me."

"Cutty and water," Hot Rod said, settling back down naturally enough. "Take me, don't tease me." He picked that up from Pat McGrath, too. He says that Pat McGrath is "the greatest bartender in the world."

"It's Rod Hundley back," the man dealing blackjack told his constituents at the table.

"How sweet it is," murmured Hot Rod. What he speaks most of the time is sort of a vocal pop art.

He leaned back at the bar, and all these people in the place came over and reminisced about seeing him play. Hot Rod led the reminiscing. It had been a decade since he was clowning and, incidentally, playing All-America basketball at West Virginia University. Now he was back, a representative for a basketball-shoe firm, and going back can sometimes be a disillusioning confrontation for an old star. With Hundley, however, there was no such problem. The people back home consider him as much a personality as an All-America.

Still, they all said proudly that they had seen him play. This is possible, for Hot Rod Hundley has *played* West Virginia. Besides playing at the university in Morgantown, he played in high school in Charleston and in the summer leagues in Wheeling, where he performed for Spear's Oilers and Stobbs Parking. Spear's did not have a very good team. Whitey, the coach, used to mix gin and

tonic on the bench. Whitey mixed the gin and tonic for the players. "We called a lot of time-outs," Hot Rod reminisced.

After he used up his college eligibility, Hundley turned down an offer from Abe Saperstein who, like Marques Haynes later, fancied Rod as sort of a white Globetrotter. Instead, Hot Rod toured all over the state—*all over*—with the Hundley All-Stars. They played 30 games in 30 nights: Mason, Ravenswood, Logan, Moundsville, Iaeger, New Martinsville, Hundred, Sistersville and other, smaller towns in between. So it is possible that literally everybody in West Virginia saw Hot Rod Hundley play.

Hundley had been away from West Virginia for a long time, though. He had gone first to Minneapolis in 1957 and then to Hollywood to play with the Lakers in 1960. He lived in Malibu Beach, wore suits specially styled for Cesar Romero, dedicated baskets to, and twisted with, Doris Day, tried out for the lead TV role in *No Time for Sergeants* (lengthy portions of which he can still recite verbatim) and provided reams of copy for the L.A. journalists. He also sat on the bench a lot watching another Mountaineer, Jerry West, lead the Lakers. Soon it was time for Hot Rod to find honest employment.

He signed on with the Converse Rubber Company as one of 10 ex-ballplayers whose salesmanship and promotional finesse absolutely obliterate the competition in the basketball-shoe market. Hundley took over a territory that includes West Virginia—which is why he was back now, sipping a Cutty and water, playing blackjack and doubling down on 8s. "What if the joint is raided?" a stranger to the speakeasy asked Hot Rod. "Just make sure you get in the same cell as the dealer," Hot Rod said, taking a hit at 15. The people all around roared and said, "Yeah, Rod." ("Maybe you can end the story with that," Hot Rod suggested later.)

Driving out of Wayne toward Huntington the next day, Hundley negotiated a typical West Virginia curve. "Hey, listen to this," Hot Rod said. When he says, "Hey, listen to this," it means there is a punch line coming. "Hey, if they flattened this state out it would be bigger than Texas. And hey, listen to this. The roads here curve so much, most of the time you can see the back of your own head in the rearview mirror. But hey, I love it, the old Mountain State. It's a little slice of heaven."

(Later, in explaining why he makes Greensboro, N.C. his home now, Hot Rod said, "I couldn't live here. Hey, I just know too many people.")

Touring West Virginia or the rest of his territory—Virginia and North Carolina—Hundley sees sporting-goods dealers, coaches and other basketball officials, gives clinics and makes speeches for Converse, and particularly for the Converse 'Chuck' Taylor All Star basketball shoe. The All Star is basketball's Jell-O. It dominates its market the way the Louisville Slugger and the Northland hockey stick dominate theirs.

"Selling All Stars really isn't hard," Hot Rod admitted, fighting a turn near Parkersburg. "Before I took over West Virginia this great old salesman named Pooch Curry had the state. Pooch wasn't a player. He's a fisherman. He would just storm into a store, throw his order pad on the counter and yell that he was rushed—so just hurry up and fill it out yourselves for the All Stars. Hey, nobody ever carries a sample."

Still, fashion fans, there is a minor revolution going on in the basketball-shoe world. For the first time low-cuts have begun to outsell high-top sneakers. Also black shoes are back in style, and the In thing to wear is the black low-cut. "It started in California," Hundley explains. "With the surfers. Hey, listen to this. Now the kids call them bossa novas." Moving down a stretch on Route 4 near Gassaway, which he calls the Gassaway Straightaway, Rod did a little bossa nova twitch at the wheel. "Bossa novas, how sweet it is," he said.

Hundley is enthusiastic about anything going on around him. He also laughs at nearly anything, with an almost sinister cackle that belies his little-boy look, and he is one of the last of the great leerers. However, although now 31, he still is occasionally asked in bars where he is not recognized for proof of his age.

Silence wears on him, particularly his own. To keep the dreaded thing away he will even babble on with his older daughter, Kimberly. Kimberly is just 3, and Hot Rod can hardly wait till Jacqueline, who is 8 months, is also capable of sustaining conversation. (Hundley's pretty brunette wife is named Florence. If they have a third daughter she will be named Stephanie. "When you hear about a broad named Kimberly or Jacqueline or Stephanie," Hot Rod says, "hey, you want to meet this broad. But Jane or Mary or something . . .")

To combat the quiet while driving alone on the job, Hot Rod will often deliver his favorite imitations. These include (more or less in their usual order of appearance) Dale Robertson's Pall Mall cigarette commercial, Walter Brennan, Billy Eckstine, Johnny Addie introducing the gentleman who is "counting for the knockdowns at the bell," Don Dunphy describing a fight that is always between Joey Giardello and Joe Giambra, and the P.A. announcer in Madison Square Garden. Other times Hot Rod will suddenly just cry out exuberantly, "How sweet it is!" or "It's a little slice of heaven!" or sing this refrain from a hillbilly song:

> I've got a feeling
> That I'll be stealing
> Back to Wheeling, West V A.

Hot Rod sings this when he is actually headed for Wheeling, but when the mood hits he will sing it anywhere. He sang it as he came past the State Pen in Moundsville, driving toward McMechen, where Johnny's Sport Center is. "Well," he said, turning off the air conditioning and picking up his stylish briefcase, "let's see if we can feel a pulse here."

Johnny's Sport Center occupies the basement of Johnny's house, and Johnny himself was wearing a pair of high-cut black All Stars. Bossa novas apparently have not hit McMechen yet. While Hot Rod was there some of Johnny's friends came by to shake the hand of No. 1 in their hearts and reminisce. Johnny complained that the big discount stores were cutting prices on All Stars. "Rod, there's a shaped-up mess in this valley," Johnny said. Hot Rod assured him that those stores weren't even allowed to carry All Stars. Johnny said they did, so Hot Rod agreed to look into things in Wheeling, where he would be staying that

continued

night. Friedrichs, a store up there, was sponsoring a Hot Rod Hundley clinic in the hills at Bethany. Rod moved back to the car, flipped on the air conditioning and tooled up the road, singing:

> I've got a feeling
> That I'll be stealing
> Back to Wheeling . . .

After checking in at Friedrichs, where he autographed several scrapbooks that loyal fans brought in, Hot Rod got a good plug in for Converse on a TV appearance and then prepared for the trip to Bethany. Even in West Virginia this journey enjoys a special reputation. To all who offered transportation Hot Rod insisted he would drive himself to his own clinic. He said that on the Wheeling-to-Bethany route "it is easiest if you have a steering wheel to hang on to." This turned out to be very true. In Bethany he entertained a representative clinic crowd of about 200—students, high school coaches, players and old Hundley buddies. In addition to providing laughs, Hot Rod showed that he is a remarkably good teacher, much more effective than those instructors who approach the task with the technique of a catechism. Everyone stays awake and listens to Hundley; no one wants to miss anything. A typical Hot Rod clinic lesson, on dribbling, goes this way: "Don't bat the ball. [He bats it.] Treat it like [a leer]—like your girl friend. Easy. [Leer, bounces the ball gently.] And hey, don't ever watch the ball when you're dribbling. [He puts his eyeballs on the ball.] Why? Why not do that? Because if you're dribbling along [dribbling along, eyes wandering] and the ball goes down and doesn't come up again [it bounces away]. Hey, you can be sure that someone else has it. Right? You don't have to watch the ball to know that. That's why [leer]."

At clinics Hot Rod tells a lot of stories about himself and Jerry West, aiming all the humor at himself, the way Joe Garagiola talks about Yogi Berra. Some of the stories are true. Throughout West Virginia, however, Hundley now laughs at anecdotes about himself and West that he made up for gags but which are passed back to him as gospel. He often uses youngsters from his audience at clinics and enjoys it when they try to show him up. Indeed, he encourages it. Recently, near the end of his instruction on defense in Williamson, his helper was doing a very good job of guarding Hundley. Too good. Suddenly Hot Rod stepped up the tempo to full speed, dribbled across court and came to a quick halt, catching the ball off the dribble between his knees. The local boy was faked halfway out of the Williamson gym and, therefore, halfway out of Williamson. A big grin on his face, Hot Rod then casually lifted up a 30-foot hook shot that swished right through the net. The crowd gaped. "That's what I call string music," Hot Rod announced. "That's it! Roll that Converse film!" Hot Rod was the toast of the Williamson Moose Club later. The beer flowed. "I haven't played Williamson since '57," Hot Rod said.

Those were the days of the Hundley tour. Hot Rod had rounded up some teammates and other spear carriers for his squad; the other team was the West Virginia Conference All-Stars. Hot Rod loves newspaper sports clichés—he has total recall of his favorite hackneyed headlines, all the way back to his high school days, *i.e.*, SOPH SENSATION HUNDLEY TALLIES 42 AS MOUNTAIN LIONS ROMP—so he took charge of preparing the introductions himself. Every player was a "perennial All-State selection," or "rookie sensation," or "local favorite." The player-coach of the Hundley All-Stars, heretofore plain old Jim Sottile, became "Player-Coach Jumpin' Jim Sottile, the Bristol Bomber from Bristol, P.A." There was always one "two-time All-America from Villanova," Villanova being selected because Hot Rod liked the way it rolled off the announcer's tongue. Usually "the two-time All-America" turned out to be Moe Kruk, a fellow Hundley had picked up playing in the Charleston YMCA league.

"But hey, listen to this," Hot Rod says. "I would always be the last one introduced, and with me it would just be the name: 'And now . . . Hot . . . Rod! . . . Hunnnddllleyyy!' And hey, the place would go wild."

The All-Stars used a lot of Globetrotter tricks, with Hot Rod leading the fun, of course. He never could take the game seriously enough, which is one reason he never achieved what was expected of him. Part of the problem was that he became too good too soon. At 17 he was good enough to make the Philadelphia Warriors but was persuaded to go back to school. His own estimate is, "I really would have to say I was the greatest high school player ever. The greatest I ever saw, anyway." He may be right.

At the university in Morgantown, freshman basketball was a drag for Hundley from the start. The frosh Mountaineers were murdering everybody, outdrawing the varsity. To make things interesting, Hundley sometimes refused to take a shot for a whole game. And then it really happened. Against one outmanned team Hundley came down on a fast break. A chubby fellow, trying mightily to contend with Hundley's moves, finally collapsed and fell down, tumbling over his own feet. Instead of driving past him, Hundley found this very funny, tucked the ball under an arm and doubled up with laughter. Eventually he put the ball down and helped his confused opponent to his feet. "Hey, the place went wild," he says. "So the next time I came down the court I just did this sort of jitterbug dance step with the ball. You know. Hey, you could hear it. The place is buzzing. And that's when it happened. This little bell rang. I said, 'Rod, baby, what have you got here?' " Somebody named him *Hot* Rod shortly thereafter, and he never again played much serious basketball. He dribbled with his knees, spun the ball all over the place, mugged it up, hung on the baskets and shot hook shots for fouls. He did this once as a sophomore when he needed one point for a Southern Conference tournament record, and he missed both fouls. "If I make 'em," Hot Rod said later, "what have I got to shoot for next year?" Most public establishments in Morgantown have a picture of this episode prominently displayed on their walls. When Coach Fred Schaus would take Hot Rod out of a game, Hundley would get up at the end of the bench and lead cheers for himself. For his swan song he got the team to set up in a T formation, with himself as quarterback. But he was All-America, and he also won the school's three-cushion billiard championship—accomplishments that pleased him about equally.

So they have hardly forgotten Hot Rod in Morgantown. He came down Route 19 from Wheeling through Star City on his recent tour, and there, over the next mountain, was his motel, its billboard announcing: WELCOME HOT ROD HUNDLEY. The West Virginia football team came by in its bus on the way to practice and spotted Rod there, admiring his sign. "Hey, Hot Rod," they screamed out of the windows. "How sweet it is," he said. ("Maybe you can

continued

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Thunderbird

UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

end the story with that," Hot Rod suggested.) Later men hanging around outside United Miners Lodge 589 saw him and came shuffling over just to shake his hand. Everywhere a lot of Cutty and water was on the house.

Hot Rod dropped into Freddie's, his favorite hangout. "Hang out, hang in, hang up," Freddie Cavallaro said. "He was here every night." Pickles Hines said, "The four years he was here I never saw my wife. Got a dime, Freddie? I've got to call home. Jane will never believe who is here."

Freddie fished for the dime. "He got through four years on one pack of cigarettes," Pickles said at the phone. "Hello, honey. You'll never believe who's here. [Pause] Rod Hundley. [Quickly.] No, really. [Quickly again.] No, no. I won't be too long." Hot Rod leered. "Hey, he's exaggerating about the cigarettes," Rod said. "They always kid me about that."

Pickles sat down, and the group that had gathered started reminiscing about Hot Rod. Hot Rod led the reminiscing. As it does among West Virginians, talk soon shifted to the rest of the state. Hot Rod brought the news from all over. He said he was going down to Charleston the next night, with sporting goods stops along the way in Fairmont and Clarksburg. That reminded Pickles: "Remember the time you brought the All-Stars into Clarksburg?"

"Hey," Hot Rod said, "listen to this."

"A guy is hurt," Pickles went on, "and they need an extra. Hell, I haven't played in five years, but Rod insists. So now I'm all dressed up in this uniform—and remember, this is just down the road in Clarksburg—and all of a sudden—"

("Hey, listen to this," Hot Rod said.)

"—here are the introductions, and the announcer says: 'And now for the Hundley All-Stars. At forward, a two-time All-America from Villanova, the fabulous Pickles Hines.' The place went wild!" ("Maybe you can end the story with that," Hot Rod said.) Hundley bummed a cigarette from Pickles. The house picked up the check. "Home away from home," Hot Rod said.

Home itself was Charleston or, as Hundley identifies it offhand, "The chemical capital of the world, where the Kanawha River meets the muddy Elk." Rod grew up there, an only child, virtually orphaned by his parents' separation. Mostly he played basketball and pool—at the YMCA and The Strand. As he walked into The Strand the oldtimers saw him and put their cues down and came over to say hello. POSITIVELY NO DRINKING OF ANY INTOXICANTS ALLOWED ON PREMISES was stenciled on most of the walls. Hot Rod had on a one-button Cesar Romero suit without pockets. It did not have cuffs, of course. "Once you go without cuffs, you can never wear them again," Hot Rod says, as if it is a matter of war and peace. The shirt was white-on-white, without pockets but with extra-long points and French cuffs, though Hot Rod says he *understands* French cuffs are on the way out. Obviously everyone in The Strand was enthralled by the sight.

"My father worked here," Hot Rod said, fondling a cue. "Butch Hundley. Everyone called him Butch. I mean, even I called him Butch. A lot of people thought he was the best pool player in West Virginia, and this was tough pool territory. Remember Butch, Mose?"

Mose, the owner of The Strand now, said, "Sure, Rod."

"He was a good one, wasn't he?" Hot Rod asked. "One of the best?"

"Sure he was," Mose said.

"They had some big games here in Charleston," Rod went on. "Butch was the houseman here—and over at The Arcade, too, when he worked there—on all the razzle-dazzle games. I can see him now. He'd come in wearing a new white shirt, and the first thing he'd do was turn the cuffs back. Hey, right away, roll 'em back—one, two, three times. Then put a cigarette in his mouth.

"I played pool long before I played any basketball. Hey, listen to this. I gave a speech the other night, and I started off telling them how I had a pool table in my house. I told them I wanted my children to have the same advantages that I did. Hey, the place went wild."

Hot Rod said good night to Mose, waved to the oldtimers and headed up the street to Babe's place. There all the other people from the Chemical City greeted him at the bar; he said, "Take me, don't tease me," and he got a Cutty and water on the house; he told all the people about Converse and West Virginia; he picked up a cue so he could play Buzz some skill pool, and hey, listen to this, it looked altogether like a little slice of heaven.

You can always end a Hot Rod Hundley story that way. **END**





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Last month he was beaten stiff-legged and glassy-eyed by Dick Tiger, only to bounce back as vice-president in charge of sales for a Philadelphia dairy. Some switch, "but in case anybody thinks different, I'm working and it's rough," said ex-Middleweight Champion **Joey Giardello**. "You gotta fight to sell milk, you know." Why hadn't he gone into the beer business, as so many boxers have? "I don't want to be around places where there's drinking," said the old carouser. "There's always somebody who wants to take a punch at a fighter—especially a washed-up one like me."

While off in America distant cousin **Guy de Rothschild**'s Diatome was winning the Washington, D.C. International, **Baroness Monique de Rothschild** was back in the saddle in France in her customary role of master of the richly traditional St. Hubert's Day horse-and-hound stag hunt. With a wicked dagger at her side, a puffed-up horn blower at her knee and on her face a look so imperious it might stop the beast in its tracks, Monique gave the signal (*below*) that sent 40 friends crashing off into the woods near Compiègne. All agreed the quarry—eventually driven into a pond and shot—was, up to that moment, a "magnificent" animal.

Provided there would be no written speech, no one telling him what to say, the National League's Most Valuable Player said he would gladly talk to members of Sargent Shriver's Job Corps in Washington. "Just point me at them," said **Willie Mays**. "I can get through." That's what he did when 50 young corpsmen crowded in to hear him field their questions of self-doubt. Said Mays to a would-be minister: "Don't listen to those who tell you you can't. At 19 I was 0 for 24 at Birmingham. If I had listened to the doubters, I would have quit baseball right then."

The magic of Spain's buck-toothed tennis-playing wizard, **Manuel Santana**, affects his countrymen in diverse ways—little boys have discarded soccer to dream of the Davis Cup and adults have created a dance that employs all the basic moves of tennis. The thing even got through to Robert Lilienthal, an American living in Madrid, who rose to the occasion by writing a song and dedicating it to Manuel. It is called *Loco por el Tenis*, and, as a sort of combination paean and step-by-step instructional, it advises: "First the drive, with your knees at ease and racket ready to swing/ Turn, look and hit—bing—oh, what fun is tennis!"

Well, was it a national scandal, or wasn't it? Staging a low-class hunt race over brush fences at high-class Ascot was not only unheard of but plainly outrageous. Still, the idea had originated with England's Earl Marshal, the **Duke of Norfolk**, and his ideas, no matter how shocking, simply cannot be rejected out of hand. This one left everybody in a stew, but Norfolk was serenely sure of his unhallowed ground. "Traditions die hard," he said, "but snobbism in racing must stop if the sport is to survive." Then came the clincher: "Indeed, the Queen and the Queen Mother have been very interested in the whole project."

On the one hand is substandard housing for Negroes and on the other is the city council that can't make up its mind on a zoning change. In between stands **Curt McClinton**, running back for the Kansas City Chiefs, with ambitions to build a $400,000 apartment complex where he and other Negro athletes—and anyone else—can live in comfort. Provided the council and legal hasslers do not bar the way, McClinton and his associates (including Athletics' Pitcher **John Wyatt**) hope to begin construction on a 33-unit building that will feature a swimming pool shaped like a football and such rarities (for Kansas City Negroes) as central heating and air conditioning.

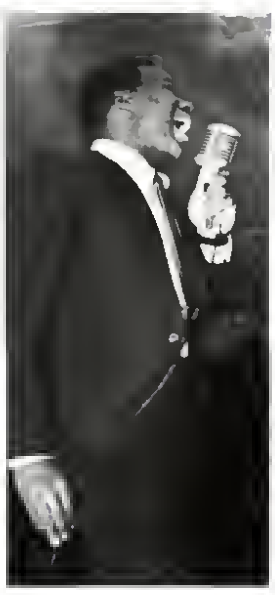
He had been around the world 10 times in his 29 years, he lamented, and now it was highly appropriate to worry about the future. Accordingly, Australia's **Roy Emerson** said he would give amateur tennis only one more go—a defense of his Wimbledon title next summer—before repairing to the U.S. for two years of study, he hoped at Harvard. Emerson's subject will be public relations and his bills paid by his employer, Philip Morris.

Their boat is a 24-foot Hydrodyne with two clutch-coupled V-8 engines fitted with power-amplifying carburetors and tuned stacks capable of developing 1,000 hp and 100 mph. Even so, Astronauts **Gordon Cooper** and **Gus Grissom** were disqualified from the 500-mile Salton Sea speedboat race because—the very idea—they were five minutes late to a mandatory meeting. They should have been ashamed, and they were: on the way their car ran out of gas.

Montreal's Esquire Showbar billed him as *L'Etoile de la Série Mondiale 1965*—another way of saying plain old **Mudcat Grant** (*below*) was turning his hand to show business. And the Twins' heroic pitcher went over pretty well, too, as he danced a little, sang a few songs, told some jokes and recited selected quatrains of original poetry. But, listening to Mudcat's poems, it was good to know he can still pitch that ball. Sample lines:

Life is like a game of baseball,
And you play it every day;
It isn't just the breaks you get,
But the kind of game you play.





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4 CADET® II CAMERA KIT is so easy to use, it's the complete kit for indoor and outdoor pictures Just aim it in the right direction (Less than $12)

5 ANSCOCHROME® color film, ALL-WEATHER PAN black and white film, or MOVIECHROME® 8 mm film is superior quality film .include a few rolls with your gift.

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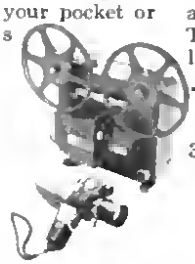
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1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

A nip-and-tuck finish to a long Trial

Never in the history of the Team Trials has there been as exciting a finish as there was at this year's competition, held last week in San Francisco, a city famous for its bridge. Of the 18 pairs battling for the three positions on the North American team, seven were still in contention going into the last of 17 rounds. Each pair had played 320 hands and then, for the seven contenders, everything depended on the final 20.

It had begun six days before, as 36 of the leading players in the U.S. and Canada engaged in a round-robin marathon. The early pairings were fratricidal —deliberately so. Friends were pitted against friends, neighbors against neighbors, so that later, when the matches became crucial, no pair out of contention could be accused of letting down against a pair of friends still fighting for a position on the team. So it was that Oswald Jacoby, playing with Albert Weiss, faced his son Jim in the second round. Son beat father 48–12 (there were 60 points to be divided in each match).

At the start Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson, the Philadelphians who played so well for the U.S. in 1963 and 1964, won three matches to take an early lead. Veteran Lew Mathe and young Bob Hamman, both from the Los Angeles area, took over the lead after the fourth round but gave way to Canadians Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, who moved into first after Round 7.

Six rounds later Mathe-Hamman had regained the lead from Murray-Kehela, who were second. Phil Feldesman, his onetime highly successful partnership with Ira Rubin restored, had moved into third place after Round 11, but Jordan-Robinson retook the position immediately and then jumped into the lead by the 14th round by crushing Mathe-Hamman 56½ to 3½.

In the next two rounds Feldesman-Rubin, winning big, clinched a position on the team. Not even a shutout in the final round could cost them third place. By a quirk of the draw, four of the other six pairs still in contention for the last two positions had to fight each other. The team of George Rapee and Boris Koytchou, which had leaped from the pack to take over second place, had to play its final match against Mathe-Hamman, the third-place team. Murray-Kehela, in fourth, were up against Jordan-Robinson, who were fifth. All four were packed together so tightly that the winners of these two matches seemed certain to make the team. Yet, if both scores were close, say 35–25, the sixth or seventh place team could slip by everyone with a 60–0 win.

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ A 10 9 5
♥ Q 9
♦ A K 9 8 7
♣ 9 6

WEST
♠ —
♥ J 10 8 4 3 2
♦ Q J 10 5
♣ K 7 4

EAST
♠ Q 8 4 3
♥ A K 6
♦ 3 2
♣ J 8 5 2

SOUTH
♠ K J 7 6 2
♥ 7 5
♦ 6 4
♣ A Q 10 3

NORTH (*Feldesman*)	EAST (*Roth*)	SOUTH (*Rubin*)	WEST (*Stone*)
1 ♦	DOUBLE	REDOUBLE	3 ♥
PASS	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: jack of hearts

Feldesman-Rubin lost their last match but gained enough points to finish first. Mathe-Hamman overpowered Rapee-Koytchou and wound up second. And in the most exciting match of the final round, Murray-Kehela beat Jordan-Robinson to take third, a duel that was not decided until the very last deal.

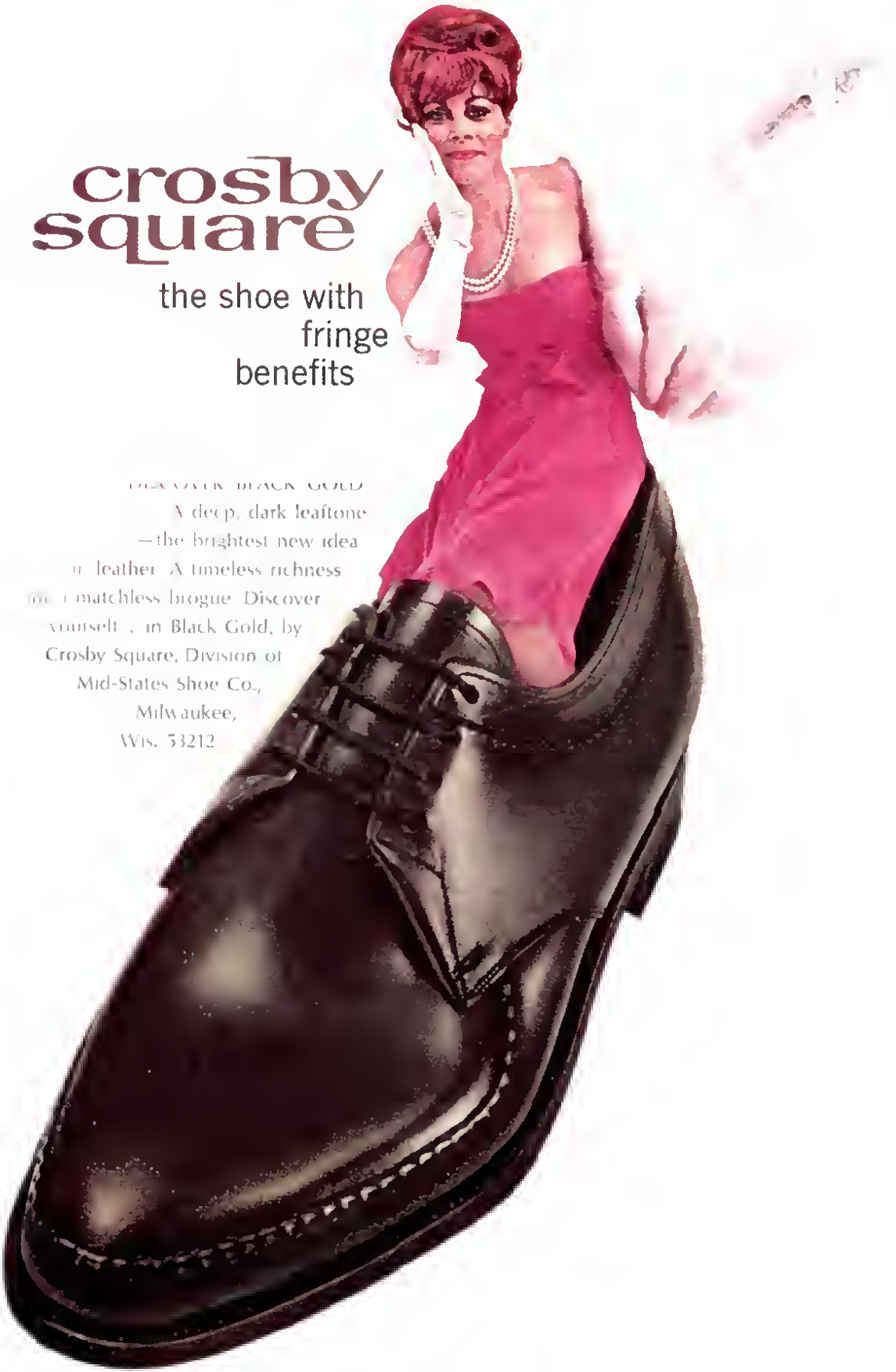
Feldesman-Rubin had served notice that they would be dangerous when they beat the seasoned pair of Alvin Roth-Tobias Stone in the eighth round, mostly on the strength of the hand at left, on which Rubin was the only one of nine declarers to make his game.

After Roth had collected the ace and king of hearts he shifted to a noncommittal 5 of clubs. The queen lost to West's king, and Stone moved to protect a possible trump trick in his partner's hand by making declarer a gift of a ruff and sluff. He led a third round of hearts, which Rubin ruffed in dummy, discarding a club. This play didn't really help declarer—he could always have ruffed that club in dummy—but it led him to wonder why Stone should be so helpful. He decided that Roth must have at least three spades and possibly four, so he led the 10 of spades and let it ride.

Armed with the news that he needed all of dummy's trumps to pick up East's queen, and that the diamond suit could not be established, Rubin continued trumps, then played the ace and king of diamonds and finally brought home the contract by taking a finesse against East's jack of clubs. The swing was 11 International Match Points.

Mathe had a similar triumph—he was

continued



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North-South vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ A Q J 9
♥ A K Q
♦ J 10 4
♣ Q J 3

WEST
♠ 10 8 5 4 3
♥ 9 7
♦ A Q 6 2
♣ A 9

EAST
♠ 6 2
♥ J 6 3 2
♦ K 9 8 5 3
♣ 10 7

SOUTH
♠ K 7
♥ 10 8 5 4
♦ 7
♣ K 8 6 5 4 2

EAST (*Hodge*)	SOUTH (*Mathe*)	WEST (*Gerber*)	NORTH (*Hamman*)
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	DOUBLE
3 ♦	3 ♥	PASS	4 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 4 of spades

the only declarer to make game at any of the nine tables—on the hand above, played against last year's nonplaying captain, John Gerber, partnered by Paul Hodge.

Most of the West players opened the bidding with one spade. North-South duly reached three no trump and could not make it when West shifted to a diamond after getting in with the club ace. But Gerber's unorthodox diamond bid kept Hamman out of no trump, and East's preemptive raise persuaded South to hid his four-card heart suit.

West's choice of a spade lead gave declarer problems in trying to diagnose the distribution but did not prevent him from making the hand. He tried to cash three rounds of spades and get rid of a losing diamond and was surprised when East ruffed. So was East when South overruffed. A club lead knocked out West's ace and a diamond shift came too late. South trumped the second diamond, crossed to dummy with a high heart and led another good spade. East could win only one more trump trick with his heart jack and Mathe made his touch-and-go game.

All this seemed merely to set the stage for the very last hand (*below left*) in the very last match to be completed, the important one between Jordan-Robinson and Murray-Kehela. This was, for each of them, the 340th hand of the week.

Jordan's contract of three no trump was reasonable, but fate and two of the best defenders in the world were against him. If he had made his contract, he and Robinson would have made the team. As it was . . .

West opened his partner's suit, and Jordan won with his ace. A spade play might have produced the contract if East had grabbed his king of spades and continued diamonds—as happened at two other tables. South would then have had time to cash his spades, get to his hand with the heart ace, then lead a heart to establish dummy's queen. West could take the king of hearts but could not lead a third diamond, and before East could do so South would have established his ninth trick, the king of clubs.

Instead, on winning the first diamond, Jordan elected to go all out for the heart suit. When he cashed the heart ace and discovered East's void, he might have made things more difficult for the defense by switching to spades, but it is doubtful if that would have helped him. Instead, when he continued hearts at the third trick, West was in with the king while he still had a second diamond to lead. Declarer could not set up his spades and his one club trick before East established his diamonds. With the fifth trick cashed by the defenders, Jordan-Robinson's hope of third place collapsed.

It would have been a good team either way. Good enough, perhaps, to beat Italy next April. The contest will be between North America and Italy. Three other teams will be in there trying—The Netherlands, and the champions of the Far East and of South America—but I don't think they will have a chance. If anybody is going to dethrone Italy, it will be the North American team that just qualified in San Francisco. **END**

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ A Q
♥ Q 7 6 4 3 2
♦ K 6 5
♣ 7 2

WEST
♠ 9 8 4
♥ K J 10 8 5
♦ 9 7
♣ J 6 3

EAST
♠ K 7 5 2
♥ ——
♦ J 10 8 4 3
♣ A Q 10 4

SOUTH
♠ J 10 6 3
♥ A 9
♦ A Q 2
♣ K 9 8 5

EAST (*Kehela*)	SOUTH (*Jordan*)	WEST (*Murray*)	NORTH (*Robinson*)
1 ♦	PASS	PASS	1 ♥
PASS	2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 9 of diamonds

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The Messenger was late, but Bret was ready

Though he won the first leg of pacing's Triple Crown way back in May, the great colt was still in top form on a windy, wintry Long Island evening and easily justified the remarkable volume of cash that backed him

Nothing warms the blood of a horseplayer better than a sure thing, and no horseplayers needed warming more than the 24,117 at Roosevelt Raceway last Friday night, when the wind blew and the temperature dropped into the 30s. Better than thermal underwear, 10,000 cups of coffee and who knows how many bottles of booze was the presence of Bret Hanover, the surest sure thing since Eve and her apple.

A bet on the colt is as safe an investment as A.T. & T. He has won all 36 of his starts at pari-mutuel race tracks. Eight times tracks barred him from the betting or declared the race a nonbetting contest. But a $2 wager on Bret's nose the other 28 times would have netted, by now, a $16.90 profit—not much, but more than A.T. & T. would have paid.

When Bret won last week's Messenger Stakes, and with it pacing's Triple Crown, 85% of the money wagered on the race was on the colt. A New York State law requires tracks to pay winning bettors at least 10¢ on every dollar, so when there are too many winners and too few dollars in the mutuel pool the track must ante up the rest. If there is anything more certain than bettors liking sure things, it is racetracks not liking them.

Roosevelt just plain refused to sell $50 and $100 show tickets on the Messenger, but the maneuver did not work. The $100 show bettors put their hundreds on Bret to place, and Roosevelt wound up with the biggest minus pool in history.

Even more remarkable are statistics on Bret's racing career. Now 3, he has won 45 of 48 races. In the past season he won 21. It took Carry Back, Native Dancer and Tom Fool all their racing lives to win that many. This year Bret's schedule was even tougher than his competition. If he'd gone as many miles by ship as he went by truck he could have spent last week in Hong Kong. He won the Cane Futurity, first leg of the Triple Crown, last May, the Little Brown Jug, the second leg, in September, and somehow stayed in good enough condition to take the final leg in the wintry weather at Roosevelt. That, win or lose, is demanding too much of a classic colt.

Harness horses, like trackmen, train off and are not at their fastest or their best in damp, cold weather. It seems foolhardy for Roosevelt to have scheduled its one classic race when the weather was almost certain to be damp and cold. The track sets the date of the Messenger each year at the time it believes it can publicize the race best. In 1964 the stake was held in August, and Publicity Director Joe Goldstein explains, "The International swamped it. You can't promote two races like that at one time." (The crowd at last year's Messenger was 44,637, nearly twice last week's.)

Bret drew the unfavorable outside post position in the field of seven pacers, but he could have started on Old Country Road outside the track gate and still have beaten the others home. He was in front before the field went a quarter of a mile and led all the way to the finish. Little Rivaltime, who is partly owned by big Wilt Chamberlain, and Tuxedo Hanover challenged, but neither menaced. "They're just getting hot and tired," remarked a driver watching the race. Well, working up a little warmth wasn't such a bad idea. **END**



STEAM RISES from Bret Hanover into the frigid air of the winner's circle as Driver Frank Ervin prepares to receive Messenger trophy from Roosevelt Raceway President Alvin Weil.

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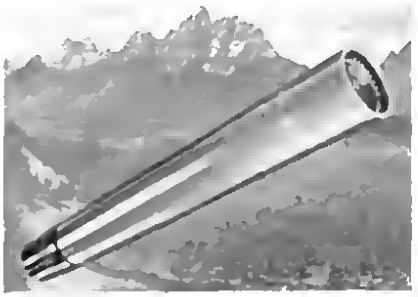
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The Prince wins a noble sum

While a million-dollar syndicate was shut out at The Garden State, the three Pepino brothers watched their bargain colt capture the rich prize

Racing, a sport that rests on established form, merrily continues to turn up pleasant surprises—pleasant for some, at any rate. That's what happened in New Jersey last week as the long season neared its finish with the running of the $311,945 Garden State for 2-year-olds. The big-money boys took a licking, and a crew of former livery-stable operators made like the casts of *Broadway Bill* and *National Velvet* rolled into one.

The day before the big race the stage belonged to big business. Millionaire John Olin, a mastermind of Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, who had paid $75,000 for his Swaps-Cosmah colt Fathers Image, decided to get a return on some of the money he has invested in racing ($1 million in five years). He turned to the new glamour boy of the syndication set, eager young John Gaines, who bred Fathers Image in the first place, and they worked out a $1 million syndication. Olin, with one sweep of his pen, received $666,666 for a two-thirds interest in Fathers Image who, although superbly bred, is still eligible for nonwinners-of-two-races.

In less than a year and a half John Gaines has organized the syndication of five horses for a total value of nearly $6 million. Besides Fathers Image, they are Gun Bow, Olden Times, Candy Spots and Prove It. But the latest deal was the first involving a 2-year-old—a non-stakes-winner at that—and the price was unrealistically high. It was the 17th million-dollar syndication in the U.S. in the last 10 years. There had never been one of these proportions before the Nashua sale for $1,251,200 in 1955.

Meanwhile, far removed from such financial operations, there were three brothers named Al, Angelo and Joe Pepino who once owned a livery stable in suburban Philadelphia. They had been mixed up in racing in a minor way since 1942 but, though they kept working at it and hoping, they never could come up with anything that had classic pretensions. Last fall at the Maryland sales the Pepinos paid $4,500 for a roan colt bred by C. Mahlon Kline's French sire Saim. They named him Prince Saim and, while brother Al trained him, brothers Angelo and Joe went on hoping. He ran eight times this season before he finally won, on October 20. Jockey Joe Culmone popped off his back and said, "We may have something here." In his next two times out he finished respectably close to Fathers Image and Stands to Reason. Culmone pleaded with the Pepinos, "You've got to put up $10,000 to supplement him to The Garden State. I'll even put up half of it myself if necessary."

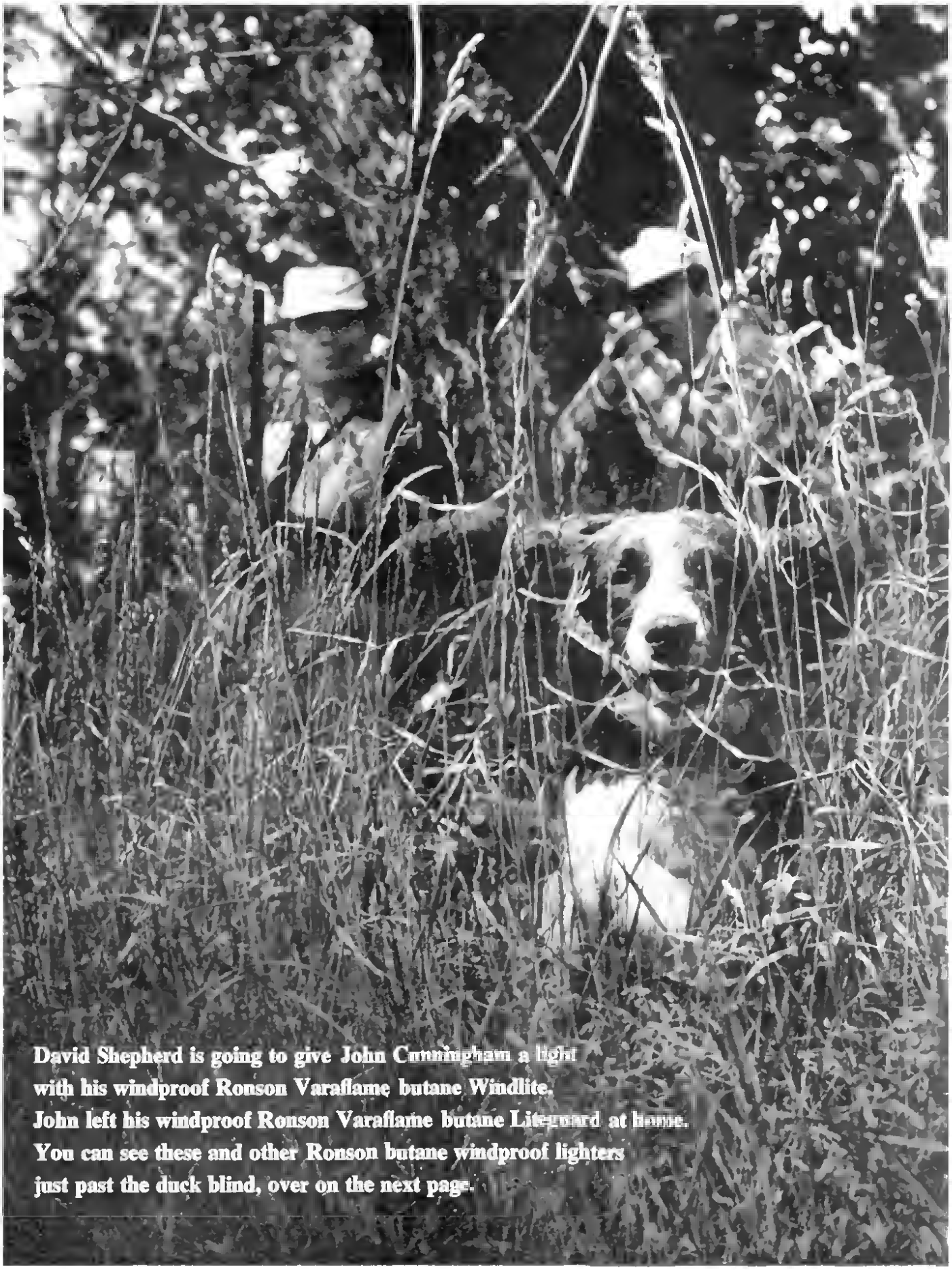
That sold the Pepinos, and last Saturday their $4,500 purchase paraded in front of all those people at Garden State and walked around the ring just behind Fathers Image and a few places ahead of colts like Stands to Reason, the multiple stakes-winner Our Michael and Reginald Webster's Amberoid. John Olin and John Gaines were there, too, nervously watching Fathers Image while Trainer Arnold Winick saddled him. Trainer Al Pepino looked a little worn himself. When his night watchman had failed to show up Friday night Pepino drove his car as close as possible to Prince Saim's stall and settled down in it in good Hollywood tradition.

In the same tradition, Prince Saim won The Garden State by a neck over Gunflint, while the million-dollar Fathers Image was back in sixth place, beaten by more than four lengths. The Pepinos collected a check for $187,167, and the syndicators collected not a penny.

Despite all this, The Garden State did little to change anybody's opinion about

continued

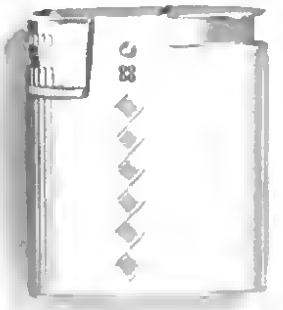
THERE MUST BE A RONSON AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE



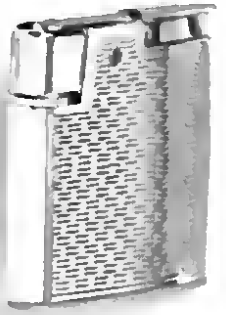
David Shepherd is going to give John Cunningham a light with his windproof Ronson Varaflame butane Windlite. John left his windproof Ronson Varaflame butane Lite-guard at home. You can see these and other Ronson butane windproof lighters just past the duck blind, over on the next page.



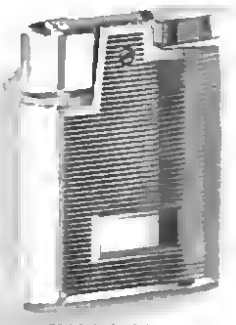
David Shepherd owns the Ronson Varaflame butane Windlite bound in genuine Water Buffalo. $10.50.



John Cunningham owns the Ronson Varaflame butane Liteguard, in silver-tone, suede finish, engraved design. $11.95.



The Whirlwind in silver-tone, engraved design. $14.95.



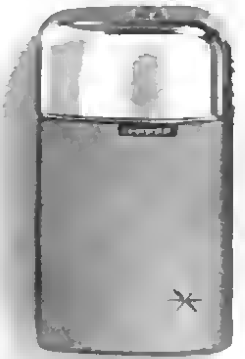
The Whirlwind in gold-tone, engraved design. $17.50.



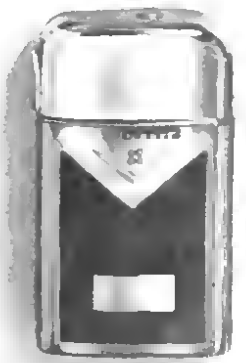
The Whirlwind in textured gun metal, suede finish, deep engraved design. $16.50.



The Liteguard in gold-tone, textured suede finish, deep engraved design. $14.95



The Windlite in suede or bright finish, deep engraved design. $8.95.



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the 2-year-old championship or about what lies in store for this division's contenders in 1966. The title will rightfully go to Ogden Phipps's Buckpasser, although there are some who say that A. B. Hancock's wonderful filly, Moccasin, is Buckpasser's equal in every way. This is a dispute that will not be settled on the racetrack during the classic season ahead, because while Buckpasser and other leading colts like Graustark will winter-race in Florida in preparation for the Triple Crown events, Moccasin will confine her activities to running against her own sex. Hancock believes she may be the best filly he's ever seen, but he says, "Except at the end of a season, when there is nothing ahead but a long rest, I don't believe in running fillies against colts. I will not point her for the Kentucky Derby. I honestly believe she might be able to beat the colts, but if we had to get her ready for this tough race in May she might never be the same again. If she holds her form, however, I would definitely plan to send her against colts later in the season."

While Buckpasser and Graustark figure to have things all their own way at Hialeah this winter, Santa Anita will be producing stars of its own. One should be Priceless Gem, Hirsch Jacobs' fine filly who upset Buckpasser in The Futurity at Aqueduct this fall. Another, far less heralded, is Lou Rowan's undefeated colt Coursing, who has been running against second-string opposition. Nevertheless, he has won all of his five starts, including the Del Mar Futurity, and is far and away the best 2-year-old in California this year. He is by Fleet Nasrullah, who has yet to produce any noteworthy stayers, but his dam is Mrs. Rabbit, whose son, Spinney, won the 1957 Santa Anita Maturity (now the Charles Strub Stakes) at a mile and a quarter. It will be worth watching Coursing's development this winter against a better class of competition. He may be a good one.

A lot of others may be good, too, including some complete unknowns. As Jimmy Jones said after Prince Saim upset the field in The Garden State, "This is the time of year when the substitutes get off the bench with splinters in the seat of their pants and surprise you. This is the time—from now until the Kentucky Derby."

One of the Pepino brothers said, "Do you suppose we have another Carry Back here?" **END**



a man's after shave, after bath cologne

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MY BROTHER, MY



In the merciless jet-age jockeying for the world land-speed record on the Bonneville Salt, two of the leaders, the estranged Arfons brothers, have lit the afterburners in a bitter human conflict. This is the first of two articles exploring their precarious domain

BY JACK OLSEN

ENEMY, IN SPEEDLAND

But when one has broken the bonds of nature, . . there is nothing that can reunite those whom knots so strong could not hold together: One hates with excess when one hates a brother.

LA THÉBAÏDE OU LES FRÈRES ENNEMIS
RACINE

The brothers Arfons, Walter and Arthur, designers and builders of wild, gleaming machines that flash across the Bonneville Salt Flats at speeds close to sound, work in adjacent garages on a small, junk-strewn plot of land on Pickle Road in Akron. First you come to Walter's shop, a dark place with grimy windows looking into a clutter of jet engines, shelves lined with aircraft instruments and cannibalized parts of old automobiles and airplanes and trucks. Then you come to a narrow buffer zone between the brothers' workshops, and finally to the two small, windowless buildings where Arthur Arfons designed and built the *Green Monster*, the jet car with which he has broken the world land-speed record three times in two years. Except for excursions to drag strips, where they command top appearance money, and except for an annual pilgrimage to that Cloud-Cuckoo-Land of speed, Bonneville, the brothers are more or less confined to their two-acre world on Pickle Road. But even though they come into shoulder-rubbing proximity almost daily, and even though the sons of one brother are likely to be found clambering around the latest experimental car of the other brother, Walter and Arthur Arfons do not speak. Each professes to be profoundly disturbed by this state of affairs, and each insists that it was not he who engineered the events that sundered them, and each seems to be busily widening and deepening the chasm. "If someone stops at his garage and wants to know where my garage is," Arthur *continued*

TONY TRIOLO

Art, the younger Arfons (above), *has held the land-speed record three times with his* Green Monster. *He is at odds with his brother Walter, creator of* Wingfoot Express (below), *whose driver is Bob Tatroe.*

says in a typical diatribe against his brother, "he don't know where it is, even though it's next door. He don't know what my phone number is or nothing. My brother has a real good personality: he's a real pleasant guy, and he is sharper than anyone gives him credit for, and he knows how to make an ass out of me eight ways from Sunday."

Says Walter, in the cheek-turning manner that nettles his brother: "I like Arthur. I want to be his friend. But I'm even afraid to go over and talk to him now. Being that he give me the cold shoulder so many times. I don't want to be turned down. Hell, if I'm turned down then I really feel lousy. In front of people, you know? So I don't know what to do. What should I do?"

Arthur says Walter is a hypocrite and should come right out and admit his hatred. "I think if you're mad at somebody and you're not gonna speak to 'em," Arthur says, "why be two-faced about it?"

For his own part, Arthur is frankly antagonistic. When a photographer mistakenly called him "Walt" on the flats this year, Arthur said coolly and evenly: "What'd you call me?"

"I mean 'Art!' "

"That's better," Arthur said. "That other's a dirty word!"

The world land-speed record, which both the brothers Arfons have held and for which they remain in lusty competition, has a fine old family history dating back to 1898, when the French Count Gaston de Chasseloup-Laubat tore off a dazzling 39.24-mph run on the straight stretch of road at Achères, outside of Paris between the villages of St. Germain and Constans. At first the French tended to look upon the record as a private affair; the first 10 land-speed marks were set on the roads of France, a happenstance that Gallophiles attributed to the dash and verve of the French spirit and less partial observers laid to the fact that Napoleon had built the straightest roads in Europe. Through the years, the land-speed record has been overseen by the French, and even today the ruling body of speed is the Fedération Internationale de l'Automobile, headquartered in Paris.

Chasseloup-Laubat's claim of a record infuriated a Belgian inventor, Camille Jenatzy, who knew that his own electric car was faster. Then, as now, there was big money at stake. Jenatzy had just begun his own electric-car company, and the public was ready to enrich the man who made the fastest automobile. Jenatzy used the formal language of the dueling challenge to invite the Frenchman to a *mano a mano* contest over the same stretch of road, and forthwith spun through the flying kilometer at 41.42 mph for a new world land-speed record. The count ordered the course cleared, revved up his Jeantaud electric car and returned the record to France with a speed of 43.69 mph before burning out his motor. Jenatzy, his batteries exhausted, sulked to town for a recharge, and 10 days later he won back the record with a speed of 49.92. A month later Chasseloup-Laubat had gone 57.60 for the glory of France, and Jenatzy realized that his car could never top that speed. Back he went to the drawing board, where he designed a bullet-shaped new automobile, the first streamliner in history. He dubbed it *Jamais Contente* (*Never Satisfied*) and proclaimed that he would fix the count's clock. On April Fool's Day, 1899, Jenatzy and the *Never Satisfied* whirred along the road at Achères so breathtakingly fast that everyone in the crowd knew the record had been retrieved for Belgium. But *helas!* The French timers had been busy with other matters at the very time that the car raced by. "*Mille fois pardon!*" the timers told the Belgian. They had not recorded his speed. What a shame that his batteries were now exhausted! Jenatzy's reply, as he sat atop his electric car in the faint odor of ozone, was not recorded by the historians of the era.

One month later the persistent Belgian returned to Achères, lectured the timers sternly, checked over his ammeter and voltmeter carefully and then turned a flying kilometer in 34 seconds for a speed of 65.79 mph, or 105.88 kph, shattering two barriers considered as formidable then as the speed of sound is considered now: 60 mph and 100 kph. Before Jenatzy's bold sprint, it had been supposed in some quarters that no human being, least of all a non-Frenchman, could survive the damage to the respiratory and nervous systems that was bound to result from traveling at more than 100 kph or 60 mph. But here was the Belgian, unruffled in his wool coat, climbing down from the *Never Satisfied* with a very satisfied look on his usually fiery countenance. The Count de Chasseloup-Laubat, good sportsman that he was, announced loudly that the best man had won, whereupon the two speed merchants retired to drink red champagne and tell lies. There was glory enough for all; Camille Jenatzy was not from France, to be sure, but his native tongue was French. If he had been a Flemish-speaking Belgian—now, that would have been a total catastrophe.

Starting with those quaint *fin-de-siècle* speeds, which are now topped by little old ladies from Pasadena, the world land-speed record edged upward, often over the dead bodies of the French timing authorities. At first almost any new record that was not established on the soil of France was disqualified on the ground that it was not timed properly, *i.e.*, not timed by Frenchmen in France. (As recently as two years ago, when Craig Breedlove went 407.45 mph at Bonneville in his three-wheeled *Spirit of America*, the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile refused to recognize the record on the theory that a vehicle with three wheels was not a *car*; Breedlove's three-ton vehicle was officially classified as a motorcycle.) One of the earliest holders of the land-speed record was the American millionaire W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., who went 76.08 in a gasoline-powered car, the first such vehicle to hold the record. Then Charles Rolls (the Rolls of Rolls-Royce) managed 84.73 mph on a private track in Clipstone, England, but the French authorities refused sanction for the usual reasons.

Even Henry Ford took dead aim on the record, and for much the same reason as Jenatzy. Ford had only recently quit his job with the Detroit Edison Co.

continued

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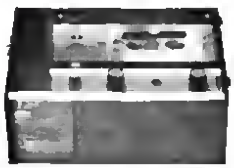
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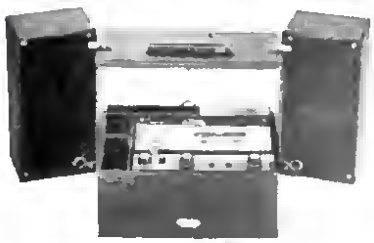




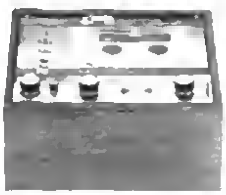




Relay I



Relay III



Module Mark I

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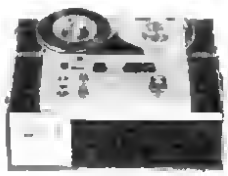
1 *Just snap a tape cartridge into the Relay I or Relay II* and you're ready to record. No messy rewinding, threading or tangling. Solid State throughout (transistors have replaced tubes) plus the Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits. VU meter recording level monitor. **2** *Relay III* has two 9" oval speakers, two 3½' tweeters in swing-out detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Output jack for use with optional stereo headphones. VU meter. **3** *Here's the audiophile's delight*—the *Module Mark I*—a Solid State stereo tape cartridge recorder deck. Play through your own amplifier-speaker system. Frequency response is 50 to 15,000 cps (at 3¾ ips). *Optional with dealer for the *Tiros I*

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Tiros I





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to go into the automobile business when he decided that the quickest route to solvency was to bring the LSR to the Ford Motor Company. In a harrowing ride in 1904 across a stretch of clear ice on Lake St. Clair, bumping over cracks and whipsawing all over the course, Ford personally pushed his four-cylinder *Arrow* to a record of 91.37 mph. Naturally, the mark was not recognized by the FIA, but that did not keep Ford from writing out orders for the Model B until his hands ached. As Paul Clifton noted in *The Fastest Men on Earth:*

> Henry Ford's breaking of the flying mile record made the reputation of the Ford Motor Company. The strong liquid cash position that resulted (a gross income of $1,162,836 by the end of the first year) enabled Ford to keep the bankers (and their nephews) out of his company, and so permitted him to translate his own dream of a cheap mass-produced car, to provide transportation for the ordinary man, into reality. The record set up by *The Arrow* on ice thus directly paved the way for the Tin Lizzie, and so helped to put the world on wheels.

Until comparatively recently at Bonneville, assaults on the land-speed record were hardly more exciting than spins on the Boston Post Road. Although the speeds were high, the runs were made on straight, flat stretches where there was nothing to hit if the driver "lost it," where frightful errors in steering and control were forgiven by the sheer expanse of salt flat. But with the LSR nudging toward sonic speed, the 10-mile-long course at Bonneville has seemed to shrink, and accidents are happening. Nowadays there is an eerie tension before a speed run on the flats. Says Harold (Humpy) Wheeler of Firestone's racing division: "Bonneville has become worse than Darlington or Daytona or any of the major places where the death factor is present. Nothing approaches this place for tension during a week when somebody's going for the land-speed record. It's much more tense than the Indianapolis 500. You can lose control at Indianapolis at 180 miles an hour and hit the wall and walk away 90% of the time, or you can crack a stock car at Daytona at 200 miles an hour and walk out. But if a guy gets into a problem at Bonneville at anything over 350 the sheer speed figures to kill him no matter how he's protected."

In 1960 Athol Graham, a garage mechanic from Salt Lake City, concocted an LSR car in his spare time and powered it with a 3,000-hp V-12 Allison aircraft engine. Running on the salt flats, he flipped and skidded out of control for a mile, and died an hour after being admitted to Latter-Day Saints Hospital in Salt Lake City. Two years later a Californian, Glenn Leasher, arrived with his jet-powered *Infinity*; the car exploded at the end of a run and Leasher was killed. The Utah State Police collected the bits of *Infinity* and put them in a neat pile alongside the main highway at Bonneville as a warning to others chasing the LSR. The scraps stayed there for two years, or long enough to annoy Arthur Arfons. "Glenn Leasher was a hot-rod buddy of mine," Arthur explained, "the kind of guy you run into maybe once a year but you get to like. Seeing that junk lying out there bothered me, it sure as hell did."

Donald Campbell, with $4 million and five dozen British corporations behind him, managed to get into a nearly fatal crash at Bonneville. His car spun out at 300 mph, rolled on one side, then sailed 235 yards in the air. Campbell got away with cuts and bruises. Even luckier was Craig Breedlove, who lost all control when his *Spirit of America* became airborne at 500 mph on a record run last year. Breedlove's main parachute ripped off, his safety chute shredded and his brakes melted completely away the first time he touched them. He coasted down the course totally helpless, snapping off a telephone pole and finally going up and over a dike and into an 18-foot-deep canal. When Bill Neely of the sponsoring Goodyear team pulled up in the chase car, a drenched Breedlove was already walking over the dike, announcing: "And now for my next act I'm gonna set myself on fire!"

The near-sonic speeds and the frightful expense of mounting an LSR assault have cut the number of aspirants to almost nothing. As Humpy Wheeler says: "You take the most difficult, the most dangerous things in the world: mountain climbing, bullfighting, deep-sea skin diving, and you only find a few masters at them, maybe just three or four in each field. But in the land-speed record business there are only three or four that are even *trying* it." For those three or four the rewards, and the tensions, are correspondingly high, and it is little wonder that the competitors are

continued



Belgium's Camille Jenatzy perches on Jamais Contente *after mile a minute run in 1899.*



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not friendly. A few years ago the British LSR challenger Donald Campbell had a chat with Arthur Arfons on the salt flats. "I was wearing Steve Petrasek's jacket, with his name sewed on it," Arthur recalls, "and Campbell said, 'Nice meeting you, Steve,' and I thought, 'Why, you son of a bitch, if there's only three or four men in the world running for the record, and you don't even know my name. . . .' If I meet him again I'll say, 'Campbell? Campbell? I've heard of you someplace. Wasn't your dad in this business?' " Arthur says he likes the youthful Breedlove, but "the little so-and-so lied to me. He told me he wasn't gonna have a car this year. He was gonna take it easy for a year, and here he had his new car half ready!" Arthur considers this a doublecross, when in fact it is simply standard operating procedure to the highly competitive land-speed record line. "I guess I'm just a sorehead," says Arthur, laughing at himself. But when he discusses brother Walter he does not laugh at all.

Arthur Arfons talks like Mr. Peepers, and at first meeting it taxes one's credulity to equate his pipsqueak voice with the fire-breathing Art Arfons of the drag strips and the salt flats. At 39, Arthur has two modes of speech. He speaks garage-mechanic English around his friends. The more negative he wants to sound, the more negatives he packs into his sentences. "Now don't no one walk behind here no more!" he shouted as he started to fire up the *Green Monster* for a practice spin a few weeks ago. But in public appearances, such as press conferences after his various record-smashing performances, he speaks simple, clear and grammatical English. "That's my false front," he says modestly. He is a handsomely swarthy man of medium build, just under 6 feet tall, with deep-brown eyes, wavy black hair and a coppery skin that bespeaks his American Indian and Greek ancestry. He walks with toes angled outward, like a hayseed character in an old movie, and he has that special capacity to evoke sympathy and compassion so often seen in the youngest child of a family. He does not seem to be interested in anything that is not an engine or a car, and his attention tends to wander when any other subject is brought up. His social life is limited, and his interest in what is happening in the nonspeed world is negligible. Last year he was introduced to Rex Harrison at the International Automobile Show in New York, and the pair chatted amiably for 20 minutes about British speeders like Sir Malcolm Campbell and John Cobb. "Gee, he really knows a lot about cars," Arthur commented to a friend later. "Does he work here?" Arthur's interest in books is likewise minimal, and may be gauged by the fact that not long ago he started reading one called *Art Arfons, Fastest Man on Wheels*, but he did not finish it. All his intelligence and aptitudes seem to have been dedicated to the design, creation and manipulation of vehicles that go from nowhere to nowhere faster than anyone has gone from nowhere to nowhere before.

"He is the most ingenious person I've ever run into," says Firestone's Wheeler. "Our physicists and engineers talk to him and go away shaking their heads. He knows things intuitively that they had to go to school for 10 years to learn. Years ago the scientists came up with a slide-rule theory that a car with four wheels couldn't possibly go over 168 mph in the quarter mile from a standing start. It was mechanically impossible. Arthur disagreed, and two years later he was turning 175, 180. Now he's gone over 250 in the quarter."

Improvisation has become such a way of life with Arthur that he tends to shun anything that he has not worked up with his own hands. "He began as a junk operator," says a close friend, "and he'll never get out of that stage. He'll never do anything in the way of a real scientific approach. Firestone has given him tons of money to build things with scientifically, and he always winds up making them the same old way, out of improvised junk. His idea of heaven on earth is to go to Seattle, where they build airplanes and where they have a lot of junkyards full of airplane scraps. Going through those places, he's like a little kid at Woolworth's."

Firestone has fought long losing battles with Arfons over the ancient bus in which he hauls his superduper jet cars around the country. "What kind of a traveling advertisement is that, with Firestone written all over it?" says Wheeler, laughing in spite of himself. "He bought this bus as scrap and put in a GMC engine and ripped all the seats out and put bunks in so they can sleep alongside the car when they're on the road. I looked at the tires this year and they were just about worn through, and I says, 'Art, I'll have some new tires over in the morning.' Hell, if he asked me for a gross of tires I'd have them there. And he says, 'I don't need 'em. We've got plenty of tread left.' It's just ridiculous. All we need is a nice big blowout on the way to Bonneville with 'Firestone' in all the newspaper pictures.

"I don't know what we're gonna do about that bus. And he insists on driving it himself, 60, 70, 80 miles an hour, downhill. I said to him last year, 'Art, at the auto show in New York, if you show up in that old bus the teamsters'll run you right off!' So finally we bought him a brand-new truck, and we told him, 'Don't argue about it. We've already bought it and here are the keys.' So now he begrudgingly uses the new truck and the old bus together. This year when he showed up at Bonneville I said, 'Art, did you have any trouble getting here?' He said, 'Not with the bus, but the new truck broke down!' I swear he was happy about it!"

If Arthur Arfons is the eccentric genius, the brilliant Mr. Fixit, his brother Walter is the nice guy next door, the entrepreneur and coordinator, the man who is not necessarily the best at anything but who can put three or four modest talents together and make them add up to more than the sum of their parts. Walter Arfons is a short, chunky man of 48 with curly, graying hair, plastic-rimmed glasses and a voice only a few decibels louder than his brother's. He is a gracious, companionable host who pours drinks, offers cigarettes and goes out of his way to make people around him feel at home. If there are 10 men in a room and the ginger ale runs out, Walter Arfons will be the one who goes to get it. His most obvious

continued



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characteristic is his carefulness, not only about himself but about his money, his family, his stable of drivers, his cars. He carries an oversized wallet in his pocket attached to his belt by a heavy chain. He almost never gambles, but when he does he is careful to make sure he is getting a fair shake. One night at a borderline joint in Nevada, during this year's Bonneville season, he slipped a quarter into a slot machine while on his way to dinner and, to his surprise, hit three plums for 14 quarters. Playing on the house's money, he kept going for nearly an hour. When he got a payoff, he would stop and count the coins before going on, and once he complained to the change girl after a machine paid him only 10 quarters when it should have coughed up 14. An engineer with a Mediterranean cast to his features appeared out of nowhere, took the front off the machine, probed around and said, "You got 14."

"It only paid off 10," Walter said, smiling pleasantly, "but I don't want to start an argument about it."

"You got 14," said the engineer.

"Perfectly all right," Walter said, still smiling. The machine *had* jazzed Walter out of $1, but when one had to choose between friendliness and obstinate accuracy, friendliness was clearly more important. Walter extends the same hand of fellowship to all the world's drag racers, especially to the ones who travel about the country showing and racing his own cars, and seems to feel that he stands in a paternal relationship to them and bears some proportion of guilt for any evils that befall them. Perhaps this is not an unnatural attitude for a man who once dragged his own jet cars and now is benefiting financially from the risks taken by others, but Walter Arfons carries his concern to extremes. When one of his jet cars went out of control and disappeared from sight at the Detroit Dragway last year, Walter and a friend jumped into a pickup truck to give chase. "All the way down the strip Walter was beating on the dashboard with his fists," the friend recalls, "and he was crying and shouting, 'Oh, my boy! My boy!' We drove as far as we could, and then we came across the collapsed parachute from the car, and we started running across a field where the car had gone. I finally found the car and driver across a road and into a woods, and the driver was O.K., and then I realized that Walter wasn't with me. We found him lying a couple hundred yards back with a heart attack, the second one he'd had. Later, after they had taken him to the hospital, I took a look at the dashboard of the pickup truck. It was caved in three inches, where Walter'd been pounding on it."

"Walter dies every night when one of his boys is driving," says another friend, Pete Biro. "He makes 'em phone him right after a run, no matter where they are, and if he doesn't get the phone call he's scared half to death."

"The thing is," says Walter, "I want to be driving myself. I think I *should* be driving myself. But the doctors say nothing doing. There for a while I'd take my drivers out and make the first few runs myself, teaching them and also checking to make sure the car was O.K. But I never sit in my cars now. I haven't sit in the last couple of cars I've made. Because I'm afraid if I sat in one they wouldn't be able to get me out. I sometimes swear I'm gonna drive my new rocket car. But I'd get tense, and when I get tense and all drawn up, that's when I go to pieces. So all I can do is sit around and worry about my boys, worry about everybody that's drivin'. I think the one thing that'd hurt me more than anything else in the world would be to build a car that would hurt another man."

Does this amorphous fear for other drivers include his brother? "Certainly I worry about Arthur. He's been pushed a lot financially. He's got everything he owns invested in that car of his, and he was being pushed so hard he had to do it. I'm the same way this year, but I'm trying not to push so hard, because there's another man's life involved, not mine. With Arthur, he's risking his own life every time he drives that car of his. I worry about him plenty."

Says Ed Snyder, Arthur's partner and chief mechanic and best friend: "Don't let him kid you. Walter doesn't give a damn about Art. He doesn't care if Art lives or dies." Arthur feels that Snyder's evaluation is not entirely inaccurate.

Whatever is eating the two brothers, it is not clearly traceable to their childhoods, or at least to their childhoods as they remember them. As young boys they were barely acquainted. Their mother, Bessie, now 65 and living in retirement in Ormond Beach, Fla., was married twice, and the boys had different fathers. "But Tom Arfons was really the only father either of us ever knew," Walter says. "Arthur didn't even know we were half brothers till he was in high school." Their childhood seems to have been uneventfully pastoral. "We never did anything together," Walter says, "because I was 10 years older. I took care of him and changed his diapers and all that, and I had to baby-sit for him, but then when he started to go to school I went into the Navy, and soon after I got out of the Navy he went in. So we really didn't get to know each other as buddies till after the war."

"Arthur was the baby of the family and naturally spoiled," says the widow Arfons. "He always had to be the best in everything. He's real smart; he was teachin' his teachers in school. He'd study till 2 o'clock in the morning. He's a genius, Arthur is. He kinda kept to himself as a child. He never played with boys and never went with girls till he came back from the service and then all of a sudden he was married."

Arthur speaks of childhood: "The best friend I had was Ed Snyder; he's my partner now. I couldn't have been anywhere without him. He's been a brother to me more than any brother I ever had. Ed lived on a farm down the road. He moved there when I was 10 or 12. I played with him a little, but old Ed had a tough time and they had work for him to do, and there was no playing in them days. It was the Depression, and kids had it rough. I've actually wondered what happened to me when I was a kid that made me the way I am nowadays and why I do things like I do, but I don't know. I haven't the slightest idea. As a kid I never played baseball, football or nothing. Not only did I never play on a team, I never played them at all. We grew up in the country and there was no other little kids my age around, so I entertained myself. I went to my

continued

father's feed mill and Dad let me take one pulley. See, all the power in the mill came from water power onto pulleys, and he give me one pulley, so I run a belt up to the third floor of the mill, and I'd tinker around making shafts run, making a whole bunch of nothing run. That's how I'd spend my time, alone. We were a below-average family in income. We never had nothin'. Maybe never havin' nothin' has driven me a little, I don't know."

In 1946, Arthur and Walter Arfons (then 20 and 29 years old), both back home and working at their father's mill, discovered that they had common interests even though they had hardly noticed each other all through childhood. "We both had motorcycles," Arthur recalls, "and, hell, we became as close as any two guys can be for years. We did *everything* together. We even bought an old BT-13, a basic trainer, bought it surplus in a basket and put it together. It was a dandy airplane. We used to fly it under the bridges where they were building the Ohio Turnpike. We cut six feet off the wing tips so it would fit under the bridges. The plane got so hot, it'd stall at 95!" Not surprisingly, the speed-crazy brothers turned to drag racers. Their first car was a collection of spare parts from the basement of the mill and nearby dumps and included a 1940 Oldsmobile front, an old Packard rear and an airplane wheel welded to the frame to make it a three-wheeler. Green tractor paint was all they had available, and the announcer at a nearby drag strip labeled the car the *Green Monster* to the laughter of the crowd. Halfway down its first run, the *Green Monster* fizzled and quit. That was just about the last failure the brothers had with dragsters. Soon they were weighted down with trophies and earning a fair income from purses.

Of the two brothers, Arthur was the wilder-eyed driver, he could take a car that had an absolute top limit of 165 mph and squeeze 175 mph out of it every time. He enjoyed speed, and he did not always seem aware of its dangers. Once he piled some friends on top of one of his early dragsters and took them for a spin on a lonely country road. Oblivious to their cries of panic, Arthur gunned the car up to 150 mph. Terrified, his passengers insisted on walking home. "I used to have guts in those days," he says in his small voice. "Now I lie awake nights scarin' myself to death about the stupid things I did with the airplane and lettin' those guys hang onto the car. I used to have a lot more guts than I have now. You should have seen me."

Walter Arfons had courage, too, and before heart trouble sent him to the sidelines he had racked up more than 600 runs at 200 mph or faster. But he was a different sort of driver. It is Arthur's theory that his brother's heart trouble might have been brought on by his driving. "Walter was never a natural driver," Arthur says. "He would get so shook that we'd have to lift him out of the car. He'd get the shakes, he'd get pale. It takes guts to drive when you feel like that. It takes more guts than when you don't feel like that."

Without knowing exactly why, Arthur began to feel competitive toward his older brother, even though they were partners both in the racing and in the feed mill. Walter first noticed the animus in 1955. "He had one car and I had another, and we carried another for a spare," Walter says, "and everything we made we split after expenses. So it didn't matter which one of us won. You got so much money for top time, $50 or $100 usually, or if it was a big meet $250 or $500. But I began to notice that if I'd come through with the top time and I had the money earned, he would have to go out and beat my time even though we had the money already. He was endangering the car and his own life just to beat my time! And he done that so many times. And then I wouldn't go back for more, because I knew better. Why should I endanger my life and the car when we've already got the money?"

Once Arthur almost wrecked his car trying to beat his brother's time. It was at a drag meet in Columbus. Walter was in first place with 152 mph, and Arthur lay second at 150. Arthur remembers: "My mother was with us, she used to help us out, paint monster faces on the front of our cars for us, things like that. And she called me over and she says, 'Your brother has got top time. You're always winning. You always have to win. Now stay out of the car and let him win!' Well, when I made my run I got down near the timing clocks, and I remembered her saying to take it easy and don't break the 152, and I had a temper tantrum. I just sorta put my foot clear through the radiator, and I did 167. I tore a wheel off right through the clocks, and it went 60 feet in the air, but I was able to stop the car. And then I remembered my mother had said if I beat Walter she'd never speak to me again. So I went back to the other end, but she was gone."

Says Bessie Arfons: "Yes, I got real angry with him that day. He was winning all the time, and Walter had a nice little car and I guess Arthur couldn't stand for somebody to beat him. Ever' kid has their own pride, regardless of what they are. They want to be top dog."

Says Walter's wife, Gertrude: "Arthur's big problem was he's a bad loser. Lots of people are bad losers, but he's an exceptionally bad loser."

From the beginning, Gertrude Arfons and June Arfons, Arthur's wife, had failed to hit it off, and little by little the whole atmosphere soured. Soon there were veiled hints from the wives that one or the other brother was being exploited financially. "And then we began to argue," Walter says. "All of a sudden we just couldn't seem to get along. Arthur is hard to work with, anyway. Things has got to be done his way. If I have a good idea and try to work it out, nope, he won't want to do it that way. We have to do it his way. And when you start arguing like that, you just can't work together." The brothers ended their business relationship by splitting up the old mill, which had been left to them by their father, and Walter feels he was even seragged on that last financial deal of their partnership: "I always wanted the piece that he has now, and that held up the deal for a year, because he wouldn't have no other piece but that. I didn't want the old mill and the old house, they were all run down and just junk, and the part he wanted had one new building

continued



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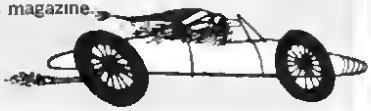
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and a nice piece of land. But he was stubborn and so I had to take the old junk. We had two and a quarter acres in all. I have less than an acre now, and he's got all the good land."

Arthur says they divided the property fairly, "and I thought, now that we've split the place right down the center, we own nothing together. I thought, 'Well, hell, there's nothing to argue about now,' but things never did heal up." And so they went their separate ways into the drag-racing world, each still building *Green Monsters*, each claiming that the other was benefiting unfairly from the *Green Monster* label and each steadfastly giving the other the brush as they fabricated their weird creations in the shops on Pickle Road.

It only took a few years for the Arfons brothers, operating individually, to enter the royalty of hot rodding. Trucking their various *Green Monsters* from strip to strip, they flourished in that honky-tonk atmosphere of blocked-off country roads, amber-lighted dragways, dusty abandoned airports in the Midwest, baking in 105° of heat. Their purses were sometimes guaranteed and sometimes merely promised and sometimes simply ignored; their spectators were death wishers salivating at the prospect of a hot car going out of control, serious young men of the business who saw life as a succession of motor tunings and valve jobs, and the kids, dedicated ones for the most part, whose hobby was acceleration and whose heroes were the Arfonses and Craig Breedlove and Mickey Thompson and Don Garlits and the other folk giants of flat-out speed. Walter expanded, kept several different *Green Monsters* running at once, watched his nickels and dimes carefully and became financially solid even as his heart trouble was retiring him as a driver. Arthur remained what he had always been, what a close friend affectionately called "a one-man circus." He refused to allow anyone else to drive his cars ("If somebody got hurt in my car it'd probably ruin my life," Arthur said, sounding like Walter, only more so). His narrowest squeak was at Chester, S.C. in 1957, when his Allison-powered *Balony Slicer* rolled 14 times after a front wheel tore loose. The strip was torn so badly that it had to be closed for repairs, and the car was a total loss. "Arfons had to be dead," said one of the race promoters, "and when we got to the car he sure looked dead. But he ended up with a couple of cracked ribs and a permanently bent finger." As soon as Arthur left the hospital he was out dragging again. "It was all I knew, and I enjoyed speed," he explained. "You know how real good music affects some people? You can just get in a trance, not over this damn jazz but concert music or something like that. Well, power affects me the same way as good music. It just takes over. I can be a little scared, but as soon as I get the engine fired nothing bothers me. I'm off in another world, all by myself, and that car is moving out and the noise is blasting my ears off, and fear is something that doesn't even exist. Sometimes I'm scared to death later, sure, but never when I'm in the car."

During those years on the strips Arthur's and Walter's cars frequently showed up at the same places, but the brothers maintained their antagonistic stances. Well-meaning friends tried to reconcile them, but nothing worked. "It was a terrible thing to see," says Jim Tice, president of the American Hot Rod Association. "Each one of them is a good friend of mine. They'd come to my house and stay with me, both a couple of wonderful guys, but you couldn't mention one of them to the other. I could never get them together."

When, a few years ago, it became obvious that Walter and Arthur Arfons, along with one or two others, had become the best hopes to return the land-speed record to the U.S., the brothers found themselves signed up to commercial sponsorships, Walter with Goodyear and Arthur with Firestone, and thus ended any easy route to a reconciliation. As standard-bearers for the two biggest rubber companies in the world, with gross annual sales in the billions, the brothers became the cutting edges of forces vastly more powerful than them-

continued

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selves. Goodyear, nicknamed "The Gumbo Tire & Rubber Co." by its archrival, and Firestone, derisively called "The Flintstone Tire & Rubber Co." by its competitor on the east side of Akron, had been feuding far longer than the Arfons brothers. Top brass of the two industrial giants might crack jokes and play golf together at the snobbish, conservative Portage Country Club, but underneath the friendly hadinage was competition of the bitterest kind "all-out, bloody, stinkin' war, as rough a competition as any two companies ever got into," says a Firestone spokesman. Victor Holt, a former All-America basketball player at the University of Oklahoma who went to Goodyear to play for the company team and stayed on to become president, sounds a typical battle cry: "We're the No. 1 in the business. We have been for 50 years. Firestone's our No. 1 competitor. The thing has fluctuated up and down. Right now we're over half a billion ahead. But they're still our No. 1 competitor, and they're tough as a boot!"

For something like half a century Firestone had the automobile racing world almost to itself. Every year it could take advertising space far in advance, trumpeting to a world of potential tire buyers that the first 10 finishers at Indianapolis had run on Firestone tires. Firestones won big American road races and many of the races abroad, dragsters ran on Firestones, and so did stock cars at dirt tracks and sports cars at Sebring and Elkhart Lake and Daytona. Then Goodyear jumped pell-mell into racing, and what had already been a hot competitive situation turned into an industrial bloodletting. Explains Victor Holt: "When we came into racing five, six years ago, hell, this was an insult to Firestone. It's as if they'd come out with blimps. Now we're over in their ball yard and they don't like it. And we're in it to stay. The only place we haven't whupped 'em is down in Indianapolis, and we're still workin' on that one."

The record shows that Goodyear has whupped and been whupped in return, and the Firestone forces are holding their own even though their near monopoly in racing publicity has been ended. But

continued



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Holt's enthusiastic statements are merely standard table talk in the rubber city. Every time a big race is run the folks get together on Firestone Parkway, Goodyear Boulevard, Seiberling Street, General Street and every place else under the miasmic, burned-rubber canopy hanging over Akron and argue about the results. Insults fly back and forth:

"Listen to the Voice of Firestone: '*Blooey!*' "

"Did you hear about the new Goodyears made in China? Chungking Specials!" ("Chunking" is an old and serious tire problem in which chunks fly off the tread.)

"That wasn't a sonic boom. That was a Firestone tire blowing!"

"Know why Goodyear has more public-relations men than Firestone? 'Cause they've got more stories to tell!"

Executives of each company's racing divisions run around predicting disaster for the other company's racers. "You wouldn't get me near Walt Arfons' rocket car," said a Firestone man. "It's unstable."

"Firestone hasn't done a damned thing about Art's tire problem this year," said a Goodyear man. "He'll blow that tire sure and he's in mortal danger."

Each fall the competition peaks at Bonneville. As Firestone's Wheeler explains: "The world land-speed record is probably the most sophisticated thing a man can do in motor sports. Winning the driving championship in Europe is prestigious, but breaking the LSR in the past has been something out of the realm of just racing, more in the realm of climbing Mount Everest or a Jacques Cousteau-type thing. Now to build a tire for Bonneville is the ultimate thing a tire company can do. And after you build it, you've got to do one more thing: you've got to win with it. Public relations is what the land-speed record is all about." To that end, the Arfons brothers, still working in adjacent hauteur, suddenly found themselves the beneficiaries of tens of thousands of dollars' worth of technical help, equipment and just plain money, Walter from Goodyear and Arthur from Firestone. It did not take Arthur long to get into the spirit of industrial competition. The Bonneville Speedway Association assigns weeks on the speed course to specified racers and companies, and in the middle of one of Walter's weeks for Goodyear last season, Arthur drove into town at the wheel of his Firestone-emblazoned bus. "He parked that thing right under my motel-room window," Walter says astonishedly, "and he flew a Firestone flag about 20 feet in the air, a flag that musta been 15 feet long, and it was all Goodyear here then, it was my week here! *He come in on a Wednesday of my week!* Can you imagine? Why, when I'm out here during one of Firestone's weeks, I won't even wear my Goodyear jacket. But he had the nerve to fly a great big Firestone flag 20 feet in the air!"

"Yeh," says Arthur, "and somebody had the nerve to bend it down to the ground during the night. I didn't fly it after that."

A few days later, all was forgotten in the excitement of a new world land-speed record. Tom Green of Wheaton, Ill., in a jet car designed and built by Walter Arfons and sponsored by Goodyear, roared to a two-way average speed of 413.2 mph over the measured mile at Bonneville, breaking Donald Campbell's record of 403.1 and Breedlove's three-wheeler mark of 407.45. When the record time was announced Green sat in the cockpit, tears streaming down his face. Walter Arfons maintained his self-control, except for a little whooping and hollering, until he sighted the figure of his brother hurrying out of the crowd toward him. Arthur held out his hand, and the two feuding brothers embraced. "I damn near had tears in my eyes myself," Arthur recalls. That night he phoned his mother in Florida and told her, "Mom, I made up with Walter. We're buddies again, and everything's fine."

NEXT WEEK

In Part II there are triumph and heartbreak as Arthur and Walter Arfons and the formidable Craig Breedlove fight for supremacy on the eerie, perilous salt



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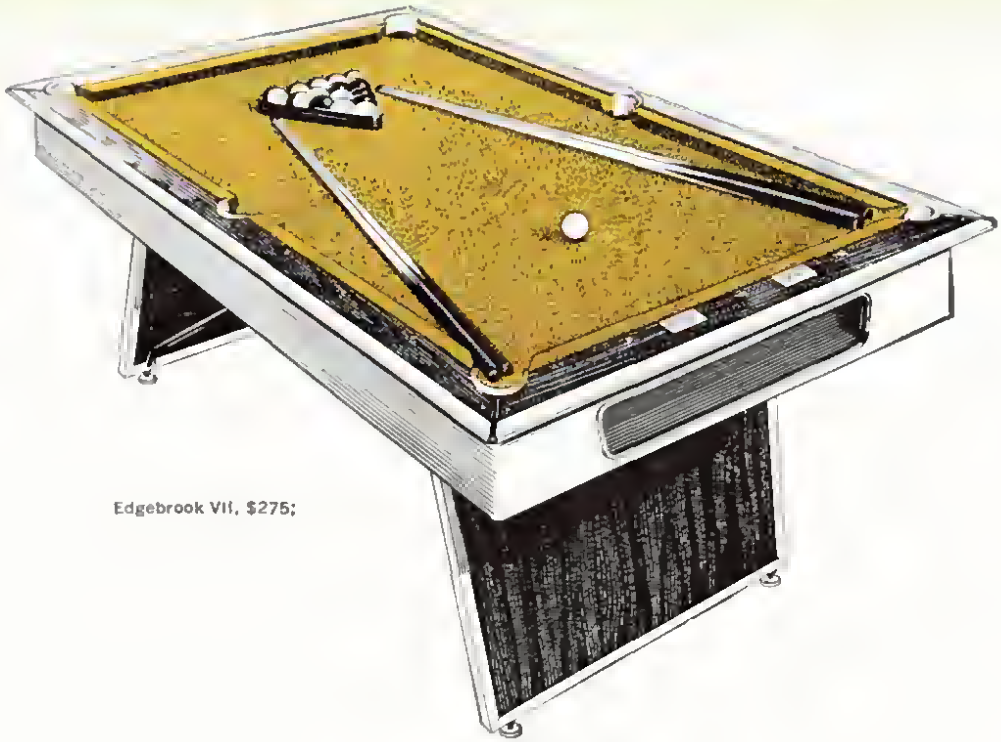
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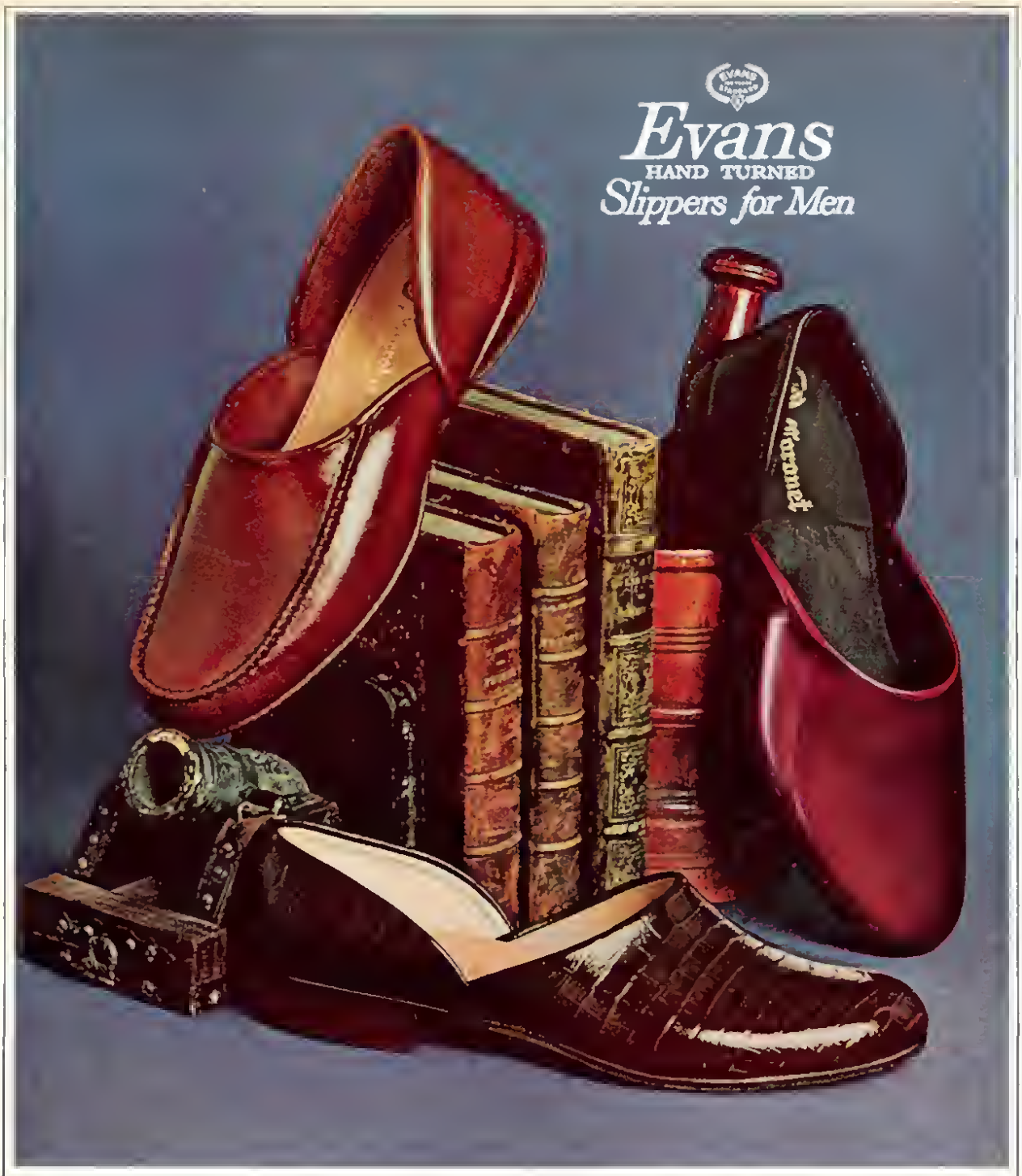
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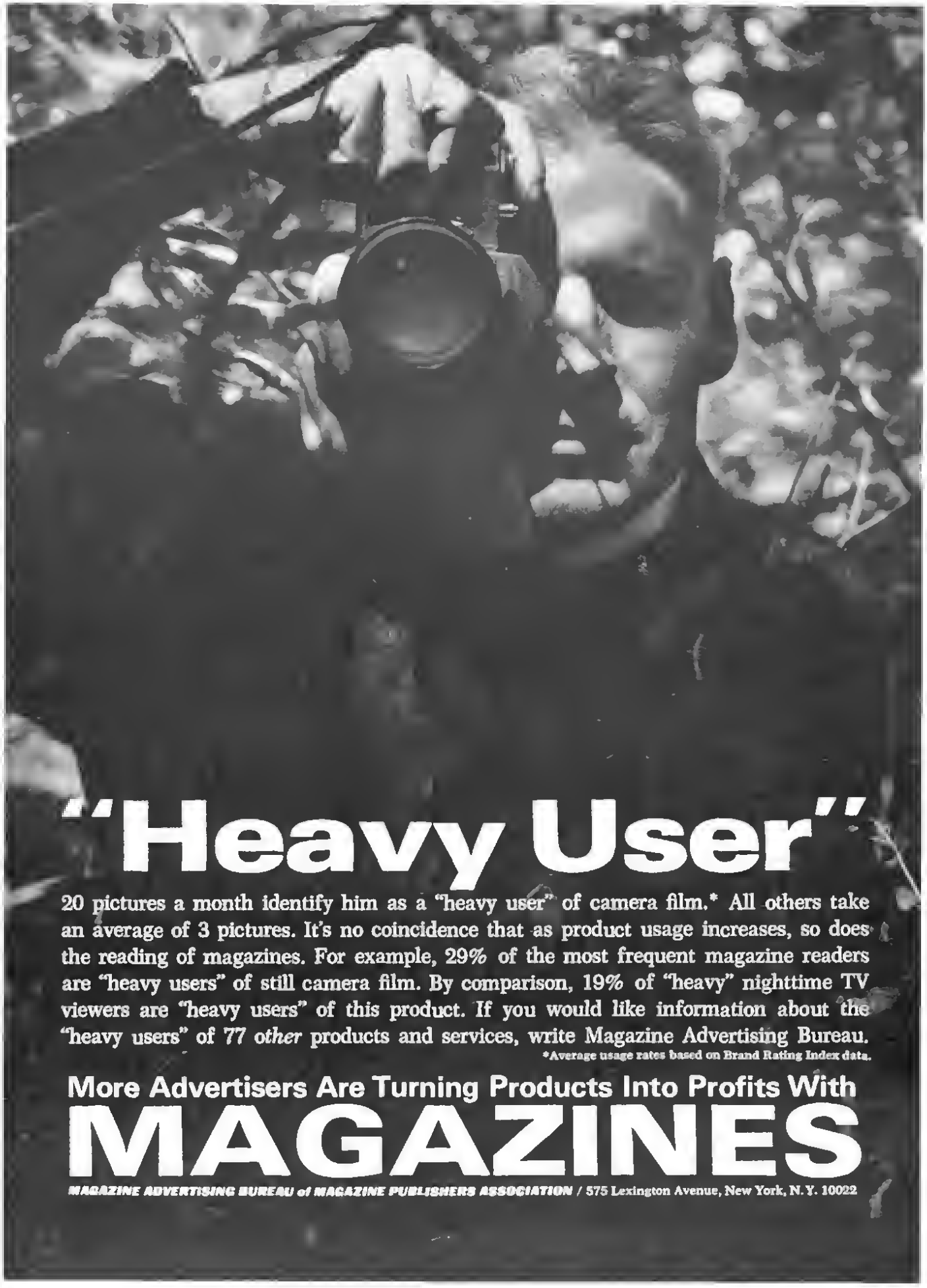
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YESTERDAY

Kicking up a Rule Change at Princeton

Wallace (Butch) DeWitt once kicked a rule into the books, although he had no intention of so doing when he attempted a field goal in the 1911 Princeton-Dartmouth game. The kick was a botch, but it gave Princeton the only points scored in a 3 0 victory.

The fourth quarter of a hitherto scoreless game between unbeaten teams seldom lacks for drama. It wasn't lacking on that Saturday, Nov 11, 54 years ago. Dropkicks, with the fatter, blunt-ended footballs, were in vogue then, and field goals of 40–50 yards were commonplace.

In retelling the game's story before he died in 1953, Paul (Red) Loudon, a Dartmouth bantam halfback then and later a Minneapolis investment banker, said that just prior to DeWitt's controversial kick, Princeton's Hoby Baker had recovered a fumble on the Dartmouth 45.

Three or four downs later (accounts do not agree) DeWitt was called upon to kick. The man who called the signal, Princeton Quarterback Talbot (Tot) Pendleton, says: "DeWitt was our punter, too, and had a powerful leg, although he wasn't too accurate. I think it was last down—I'm not sure—but I didn't see how the kick could hurt us because I was sure he'd get off a long one. The ball was midway between the sidelines and close to the 45 when we tried the kick. We didn't have anything to lose in a scoreless game like that."

The kick was hurried and low, glanced off a Dartmouth player near the line of scrimmage and after several bounces —"I think it was three," says Pendleton—it took one last erratic hop over the crossbar.

The *Princeton Alumni Weekly* of Nov. 15, 1911 reported that Dartmouth Quarterback Fred Llewellyn, back to catch the kick, may have touched the ball as it went over his head and given it "a slight boost."

Loudon said: "It hit one of our line-

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men, bounded past me in the secondary and about the five-yard line took a queer bounce over the bar."

Pendleton and DeWitt both watched what happened from their optimum position on the field, and the former said to the latter, "Mighty good kick, Dee."

"I was being sarcastic, and we were both laughing," Pendleton recalls. "He topped it just as you do a golf shot. Neither of us thought it was good, of course, but when we saw a 3 go up on the scoreboard we couldn't have been happier."

Actually a 2 went up first, as the scoreboard boys apparently thought it was a safety; and then a 3.

A general on-field discussion followed. "Play was stopped," said Loudon, "because the officials couldn't decide what to do. The rule books were brought out, but they didn't cover the play. Almost everyone got into the argument, except our coach, Frank Cavanaugh. The Iron Major sat calmly through it all. Finally the referee ruled it good, and the game was resumed."

The referee's decision was based on the following 1909 rule: "If the ball passes directly over one of the uprights, or if after being kicked, it strikes an opponent and then passes over the crossbar or one of the uprights, it shall count as a goal."

Parke Davis, Princeton representative on the Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee at the time and a spectator that day, backed up Langford's verdict under the rules of that year. However, by 1912 *Spalding's Guide* carried a revision of the rule, which read, "In no case shall it count as a goal if the ball, after leaving the kicker's foot, touches the ground before passing over the crossbar and uprights." Butch DeWitt had kicked in a rule change.

Amazingly, on that same Nov. 11 afternoon the greatest prep school rivalry of the day, Andover vs. Exeter, produced the same sort of a kick. Only in this case it was ruled no good and did not appreciably affect Andover's 23–5 victory.

According to Loudon, the coincidence did touch the hearts of Princeton sportsmen. "A lot of money was bet on the game, but when Princeton students heard the same sort of kick didn't count in the Andover-Exeter game, they wouldn't accept their winnings."

DICK GORDON

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—In a surprise move, the major league owners hired LIEUT. GENERAL WILLIAM D. ECKERT, USAF (ret.), 56, whose experience lies wholly in the field of military logistics and business administration, as Commissioner of Baseball for seven years, to replace retiring Ford C. Frick. Eckert's chief assistant and administrator of his office will be LEE MacPHAIL, president and general manager of the Baltimore Orioles the past seven years.

ZOILO VERSALLES, the talented but temperamental shortstop who sparked the Minnesota Twins to the pennant with his aggressive play on the bases and in the field, was named the American League's Most Valuable Player. Versalles, a 155-pounder with surprising power, hit 19 home runs, stole 27 bases, had 77 RBIs, batted .273 and led the major leagues in runs scored with 126 and the American League in total bases with 308.

WES WESTRUM, 43, acting manager of the New York Mets after Casey Stengel retired in August, was hired as the official manager for next season.

BASKETBALL—NBA: BOSTON (11–5), with three wins and a 125–115 loss to the Lakers, and CINCINNATI (11–5), with victories over the 76ers and the Bullets plus a 129–103 loss to the Celtics that ended the Royals' seven game winning streak, shared first place in the East. PHILADELPHIA (10–6), the leader when the week began, slipped to third after losing three straight, including two to the Bullets. The 76ers' only victories were over the Hawks 107–98 and the Lakers 110–104. NEW YORK (6–11) split four games, beating the Pistons twice and losing to the Bullets and the Celtics. Western leader LOS ANGELES (12–7), with Jerry West totaling 144 points, won three out of four and moved 2½ games ahead of second-place SAN FRANCISCO (9–9), which won only one out of four. Guy Rodgers, the Warriors' fancy playmaker, broke his personal scoring record twice with 39-point and 47-point games. ST. LOUIS (6–7) split two games. BALTIMORE (8–13) took three and dropped two, and DETROIT (4–14), at the bottom of the Western pile, was 0 for 3.

BILLIARDS—Former world three-cushion champion HAROLD WORST of Grand Rapids, Mich. won the All-Around Pocket Billiards Tournament in Johnston City, Ill. by defeating Larry (Boston Shorty) Johnson in the finals, 125–40 in straight pool and 11–5 in nine-ball.

FOOTBALL—NFL: CLEVELAND, the Eastern leader, stopped a rallying Dallas team with two big interceptions in the fourth quarter to win 24–17. The victory lifted the Browns three games ahead of St. Louis and NEW YORK, who tied the Cards for second by beating them 28–15. WASHINGTON turned two fumble recoveries and an interception into three touchdowns to crush Pittsburgh 31–3. BALTIMORE held a not-too-secure three-point lead over Philadelphia in the fourth quarter when Jimmy Orr raced into the game from the hospital and almost immediately caught a touchdown pass from Johnny Unitas that clinched the game for the Western Division-leading Colts 34–24. GREEN BAY remained one game behind the Colts, with a ferocious 28-point fourth quarter for a 38–13 win over Minnesota. Rookie Gale Sayers ran 20 yards for the third-quarter score that gave third-place CHICAGO a 17–10 victory over Detroit, while SAN FRANCISCO defeated Los Angeles 30–27 when Tommy Davis kicked a 23-yard field goal with six seconds left in the game.

AFL: Rookie Joe Namath completed 17 of 26 passes for 217 yards and four touchdowns to lead revitalized NEW YORK to a 41–14 win over Houston. It was the Jets' fourth victory in a row and moved them past the Oilers into second place in the Eastern Division, 3½ games behind first-place Buffalo. In the West, OAKLAND broke a tie for second with the Chiefs by defeating Denver 28–20 on two last-period pass interceptions that were run back for TDs (Gus Otto 68 yards, Dave Grayson 47 yards), while KANSAS CITY was held to a 10–10 tie by Boston when Babe Parilli threw a short TD pass late in the fourth quarter. The victory lifted the Raiders within a game of first-place San Diego.

GOLF—Australia's PETER THOMSON won his eighth New Zealand Open, in Auckland, when he finished eight strokes ahead of the field, with a 278.

HARNESS RACING—BRET HANOVER wrapped up the Triple Crown of pacing and his 21st win in 24 starts this year when he took the $151,000 Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt by half a length over Tuxedo Hanover (*page 74*).

HOCKEY—NHL: MONTREAL (7–4–3) held its two-point first-place lead over the Black Hawks by winning one and losing two. Ralph Backstrom and Bobby Rousseau each scored the hat trick (three goals) in a 9–3 victory over the Rangers. Bobby Hull scored three more goals to lift his total to 15 in 12 games as CHICAGO (7–4–1) also won one and lost two. TORONTO (6–6–2) whisked by the Rangers into third place, only a point out of second, by winning two games from the Hawks and one from the Canadiens, while NEW YORK (4–5–4) dropped two and tied one. DETROIT (3–5–4) moved within two points of the Rangers with a win and a tie, and last-place BOSTON (3–6–2) beat the Canadiens 3–2 after losing to the Red Wings 4–2.

HORSE RACING—PRINCE SAIM ($30.80), ridden by Joe Culmone, beat 11 other 2-year-olds in winning the $311,945 mile-and-a-sixteenth Garden State Stakes by a neck over Gunflint (*page 76*). Amberoid finished third, while Fathers Image, the favorite, came in sixth.

JORGE VELASQUEZ of Panama joined Willie Shoemaker, Lawrence Reynolds and Danny Weiler as a co-holder of the American record for consecutive winning mounts on one program when he rode six in a row at Garden State. The 18-year-old's streak began in the third race on Western Gail ($15.20) and continued through Indian Brother ($15.20), Bo Bo Girl ($10.80), Nance's Lad Jr. ($15.20), Inyala ($5) and Superado ($9.60). The potential record breaker was the ninth race, but Velasquez' horse, Divy Don, finished third. Velasquez came to the U.S. in August and won on his first mount, at Atlantic City.

HORSE SHOWS—The U.S. Equestrian Team took the international team championship at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in Toronto with 143 points to Canada's 69. U.S. Team Captain FRANK CHAPOT guided San Lucas through four perfect rounds over a difficult course to win his first North American title, while Canada's Gail Ross, who had three perfect rounds, took second place when she picked up a fault in the second jump-off.

SHOOTING—In a championship meet in Santiago which drew 48 entrants from 12 countries, the U.S. team—PETER ROUSSOS, KEVIN M. ONKA, WILLIAM D. ABBOTT and JACK JOHNSON—won the world trapshooting team title with a score of 769X800.

TENNIS—Australia's JOHN NEWCOMBE and MARGARET SMITH gained the singles titles at the New South Wales championships in Sydney by defeating the U.S.'s Arthur Ashe 6–8, 6–2, 7–5, 6–1 and Nancy Richey 6–2, 6–2.

TRACK & FIELD—In a race staged in Paris for television, MICHEL JAZY, world-record holder for the mile, improved his own world indoor mark for 1,000 meters by .6 second with a clocking of 2:21.

MILEPOSTS—REINSTATED: NORM VAN BROCKLIN, as coach of the Minnesota Vikings, 24 hours after quitting in a fit of despair when the Vikings lost a crucial game to the Baltimore Colts. After thinking it over for 12 hours, Van Brocklin asked for his job back, explaining, "I finally came to my senses and quit feeling sorry for myself. That's why I'm called the Dutchman, I guess. I have to learn the hard way."

RESIGNED: After 15 years as head football coach at Duke University, with a record of 93 wins, 51 losses and nine ties, BILL MURRAY, 57, to accept the executive chairmanship of the American Football Coaches Association. Murray's teams won seven Atlantic Coast Conference championships, one title in the old Southern Conference and played in three bowl games.

RETIRED: To stud, three of harness racing's biggest stars, SPEEDY SCOT, DARTMOUTH and RACE TIME, all from Frederick Van Lennep's Castleton Farm. Speedy Scot, who earned $650,909, was harness horse of the year in 1963 and won The Hambletonian (1963), the Kentucky Futurity (1963) and Roosevelt Raceway's International (1964). Race Time, pacer of the year as a 2- and 3-year-old, earned $486,956 and Dartmouth $427,655.

FIRED: JERRY BURNS, 38, head coach at Iowa for five years, after the disappointing Hawkeyes won only one out of nine games this season. Burns's overall record was 16–26–2.

SOLD: To Pierre J. Goemans, a Dutch sportsman, the 12-meter yacht CONSTELLATION, which successfully defended the America's Cup in 1964. Goemans, who also owns *Sovereign*, the 1964 British challenger, plans to make *Constellation* available for study to friends who are forming syndicates for the construction of 12-meters, hoping to come up with a challenger by 1973.

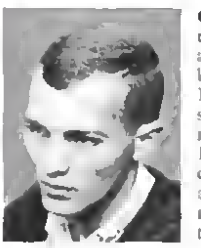
CREDITS

27—Sheedy & Long. 31—drawing by Frank Mullins. 50—Art Shay. 62—Richard Meek. 68—Keystone, Sam Tate. 74—Roy De Carava. 84—Schlamm Archive. 101—Roberts of Crewe, Bill Long, David Miller, John G. Hammer, Rochester Times Union.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JEAN ALLOTT, 8, a Crewe, England schoolgirl, scored two goals in her debut at center forward for the Wistaston Green Primary School boys' soccer team. Said her headmaster, "She passes intelligently with her left foot and goes into the tackle as hard as any of the boys."



GENE TAKLE, a physics and math major at Iowa's Luther College, won the four-mile NCAA College Division cross-country run in Wheaton, Ill. in 19:38.9. Takle is unbeaten in 26 straight meets and has set eight course records at nine meets this fall.



JENNY LAMY, an Australian high school student, ran 100 yards in 10.2 seconds at a club meet on Sydney's sports ground to better Marlene Mathews' women's world record by .1 second. But the 3.6-meter assisting wind was over the limit allowed for official recognition.



MRS. L. J. McGUINESS, of Mimico, Ont., rode Gold Tassel to victory in the Jacobsen Dressage Stake and the Prix St. Georges to win the dressage championship of Canada at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in Toronto. Mrs. McGuiness beat defender Christilot Hanson.



WILLIAM DIDDEL, 81, of Carmel, Ind., played four of Pinehurst's five courses in the Three-Score-and-Ten Club tournament, a competition for golfers over 70, and finished with a 314 to tie defending champion Maurice Smith of Lake Wales, Fla. There was no playoff.



MILLIE IGNIZIO, 18, of Rochester, N.Y., who bowls six practice games each day the year round and averages 204 in her women's league, rolled a 699 series, her highest in ABC-sanctioned play, with games of 183-258-258. Once, in open play, she scored a 781 series.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FLUFF PUFFS

Sirs:

What a delightful case Writer Paul Stewart and Photographer John Zimmerman made for powder skiing (*The Perils of Powder*, Nov. 15)! The picture showing arm and pole midst swirling powder expresses more succinctly than could any number of words just what "floating the fluff" is all about. The American skier must be fast becoming bored with skiing on hills that are like well-manicured putting greens—and of reading about variations on the basic technique for maneuvering down same.

Bravo SI!

BEATRICE SWENEY

New York City

Sirs:

John Zimmerman's deep-powder photographs were great, but who decided Eddie Morris of Alta, Utah is the best powder instructor in the country? Aspen Highlands' Fred Iselin and Lefty Brinkman, not to mention Aspen's Jim Snobble, or Sepp Kessler and half a dozen others from Aspen, would qualify for the best in anybody's book.

Who decided Alta invented deep powder? I was introduced to it by Max Bertsch of the Davos ski school, in Davos, Switzerland in 1945, and it had been going on there before Alta was born.

Who decided Vail had Colorado's best powder skiing? Why don't you ask Ted Johnson? He has skied them all.

It seems to me that a little less editorial license would have endeared you more to the skiing-in-deep-powder lovers, of which I'm one.

MILTON JAFFEE

Aspen, Colo.

Sirs:

Your cover billing reads: "The World's Best Snow: Western Powder." I'm quite insulted, because I thought everyone knew Vermont has the best snow—and, I might add, the best skiers!

JEAN TUDHOPE

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

One point that you mentioned, but did not state very forcefully: nowhere in the world can you find such snow and sun conditions as in the Taos Ski Valley, Santa Fe (N. Mex.) region. For a native of the Alps like me, the light powder and the brilliant sun of the southern Rockies are a continuing source of wonder and delight. In fact, it is hard to understand why so few Europeans come here to ski, where it is still fun and by no means more expensive. I find it amazing, living in the Southwest, that so many Americans fly to the Alps when they have the world's best skiing right here in their own backyard.

VICTOR FROEHLICH

El Prado, N. Mex.

Sirs:

It is interesting to note that it is the European visitors especially who go wild about Taos snow and Taos sun—in fact, many of them end up by working for Ernie Blake and his various lodges. The result is that you can find some of the most fabulous French, Swiss and Scandinavian food right on the slopes of Taos Ski Valley.

HERMANN KRETSCHMER

Taos, N. Mex.

FUNERAL MARCH

Sirs:

In his article, *The Celtics Isn't Dead Yet* (Nov. 15), Joe Jares asks Philly if the champ is still alive. Why not ask Boston who's the toughest team in the league? Ask Red Auerbach how many cigar-smoking nights he has missed against Philly. Ask Bill Russell who is the greatest center in the league. Bill Russell? Hah! Since Wilt Chamberlain has come into the league, you can count on one hand the number of games Russell has outplayed Wilt. We "fanatics" down in Philly wouldn't trade the 76ers for any team in the league, including the Celts, and we folks here in the basketball capital of the nation know what we're talking about.

LARRY PAUL

Philadelphia

OUT OF THE PARLOR

Sirs:

As an amateur table-tennis player and enthusiast for 20 years, I must congratulate Dick Miles on his article, *Spongers Seldom Chisel* (Nov. 15). I have always maintained that this was not a parlor game for polite old men and sexy young ladies, but a sophisticated, exciting, physically strenuous game of precise skill, timing and strategy. Mr. Miles has gone a long way toward dignifying this fine sport.

EDWARD R. BUSH, M.D.

Anderson, Ind.

Sirs:

As a footnote to Miles's anecdote about the surprise appearance in 1963 of a Red Chinese *defensive* player, it should be noted that Chang (The Chopper) Shih-lin was forced to change style in a 1965 world championship match in Yugoslavia—and lost. Chang met another defensive ace, Eberhard Scholer of West Germany, in the quarter-finals. After Scholer won the first game of the best-of-five match, a modern and decidedly more difficult version of the famous "long point" occurred in the second game. Chang *drove* the ball with the necessary top spin for 15 minutes with Scholer steadily returning each offensive shot. This remarkable point forced the expedite rule to be invoked, but the match (won by Scholer in the fifth and final game) still took two hours to play.

JOHN DART

Hollywood

HUMANIZED RACE

Sirs:

I have waited and waited for you to do an article on motor sports. Well, today one appeared and boy was I let down (*The Grand Prix Was a Gasser*, Nov. 15)! You have some of the most capable of motor-sports writers on your staff but, no, you had to send a sociologist to do a man's job. I am sure that SI readers are interested in the sport, not the spectators. I suggest you refer Liz Smith to the American Sociological Association—where she belongs!

VIC YURICK

Alma, Mich.

Sirs:

Liz Smith's coverage of the Riverside Grand Prix was excellent, to say the least. The humorous description of the occasion from the spectators' point of view rather than from that of the participant was delightfully different from the coverage found in sports-car magazines. For the details of the technical side of the race I can always consult other authoritative sources, but the coverage of the real race (the human race) is almost always missing. The quotes from Hap Sharp, like, "I ain't going to tell you how it works" with respect to the Chaparral II automatic transmission, and the descriptions of feminine garments such as the skin-tight purple hip-huggers cracked me up. Keep up the good work—with some coverage of Nassau Speed Week, maybe?

WAYNE B. KIDDER

Ann Arbor, Mich.

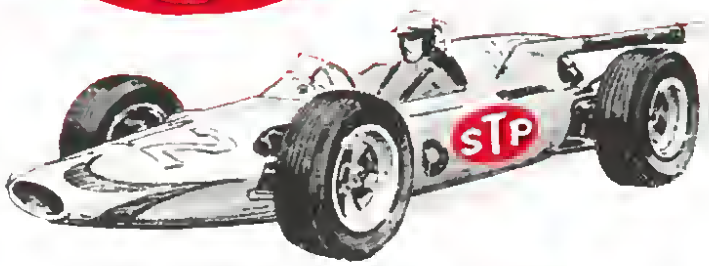
THE POINT

Sirs:

In answer to Joe Reitz's letter (19TH HOLE, Nov. 8) I would like to say that he is greatly exaggerating the ease of the short field goal and the point after touchdown. In order to prove the simplicity of these two, Joe and his neighbor set the ball up on a tee and just casually kicked field goals. His method of just kicking the ball from a tee with no defense is as close a comparison to actual circumstances as James Bond is to Little Orphan Annie.

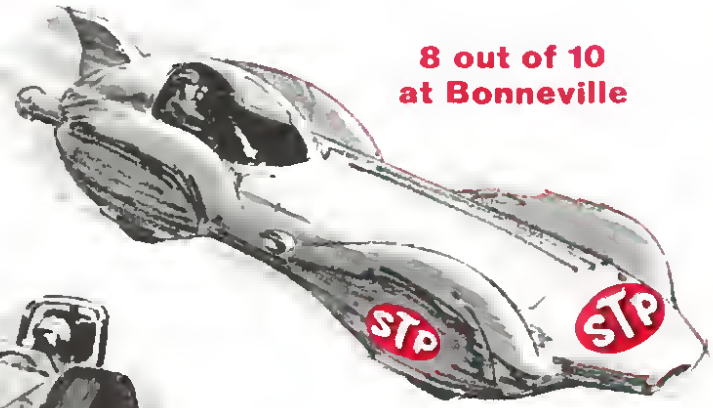
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STP ...who uses it?

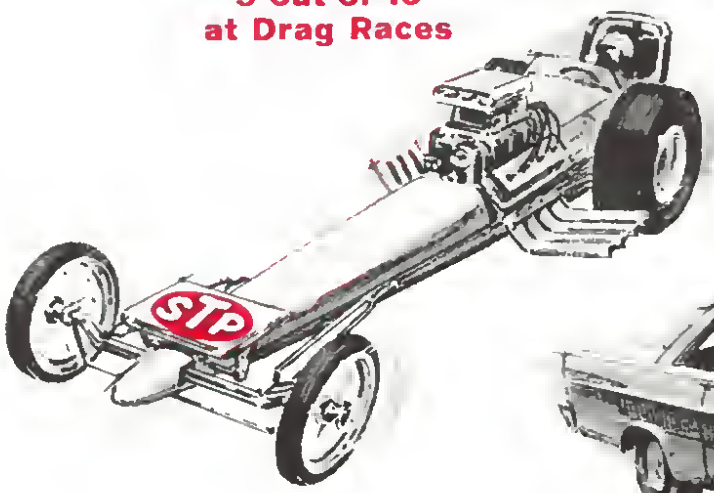


2 out of 3
at Indianapolis

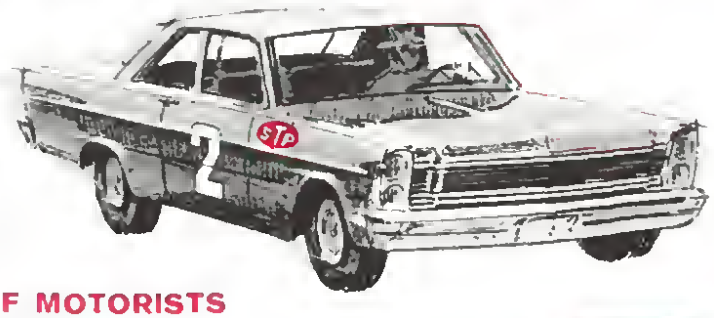
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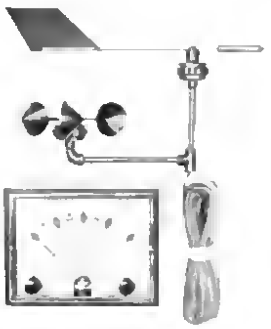
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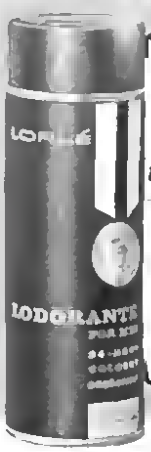
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19TH HOLE *continued*

He fails to take into consideration the pressures of a real game. Within one second, the ball must be snapped to a receiver who must catch it, straighten it out and set it down at a specific angle while he knows that a heavy, spiked foot is bearing down on the ball only inches from his unprotected hand. While this is happening, 11 men are charging the kicker bent on stuffing the ball down his throat.

Some day put on a pair of spikes and head down to the local football field. Get a bunch of kids to rush and, as a test of friendship, ask a friend to hold the ball while you try a field goal. You'll be surprised to find out how many friends you don't have.

EUGENE J. DUFFY

Jersey City

POP ANGLING *(CONT.)*

Sirs:

I thought that Bil Gilbert's article was very enlightening (*A Pop Angler's Guide to Fishing*, Nov. 1). I remember, with excitement, the first experience I had with pop fishing. We were on a picnic in the Mt. Hood National Forest. The Zigzag River ran next to the picnic grounds, so we went fishing. I employed a used booze glass and was the undisputed top angler of the day, with a harvest of more than 10 trout fingerlings. My other experience with pop fishing, before I read Mr. Gilbert's article, was at YMCA summer camp. I did not have a rod or reel so I had to use my camp hat. It was a canvas camp hat (everybody had to have a camp hat if he was a camper). I got the biggest thrill possible when I scooped up a 3½-inch trout.

After reading the article I tried some pop methods on the fish in the Mill Race (a fast-moving stream that goes through the University of Oregon's fraternity and sorority sections). I have caught a coed with a beer mug and a frat fish with a crib sheet. But I have found that the best bait is a combination of Mother Slonaker's Super Creamy Vitamin Enriched Loaf and Mother Motta's Magic Mustard. This has brought me the biggest catch when applied to an empty beer keg. I once caught a whole school of shaggy graduate fish.

BOB BAY

Eugene, Ore.

Sirs:

Once I was standing at the edge of the spillway at our city dam and watching others fish. A 3-pound buffalo (considered non-fish by some people) was trying to go upstream and leaped out of the water right at my feet. I scooped him up with my bare hands. I did not have much trouble finding someone who wanted to take him home for supper.

JOHN W. SCHMOKER

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